

THE
ENCHANTED
LOVERS:
A
PASTORAL.

Amico Rosa, Inimico spina.



*Amico
Rosa*

*Inimico
Spina*

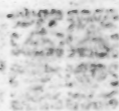
LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*,
and are to be sold at his Shop at
the *Anchor* in the Lower walk
in the *New-Exchange*.

1659.

THE
ENCLOSED
LOVE
A
PASTORAL

20th Nov 1902



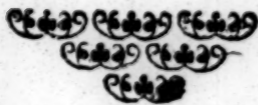
THE
ENCHANTED
LOVERS.

A
PASTORAL

By

WILLIAM LOWER
Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.



H A G E:

Printed by ADRIAN VLACK,
1658.

Thersander. } A Cavalier disguised in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Diana.

Thimantes. } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Ismenia.

Clidamant. } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Parthenia.

Melnitus. } A Shepherd of the Island in love with Diana.

Mercator. --- A Merchant of Sevil.

Diana. } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardesse.

Parthenia. } Neece to the Princess, in love with Clidamant.

Ismenia. } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardess.

Molissa. } The Princess of the Island, and Inchantress, in love with Thersander.

The Goddess Diana.

The Scene is in the Island of Erithrea in Portugal.

THE

THE
ENCHANTED
LOVERS.
A
PASTORAL.

ACTUS I.
SCENE I.

MERCATOR, MELINTUS.

MERCATOR.

IF you have any service to command me
At *Sevil*, honour me with your Com-
mission,
To morrow I embarke, and leave the Ile,
Until you Mart returns, and games renue.

MELINTUS.

But first you'l kisse the fair hands of the Nymph,
And take her pasport with you?

MERCATOR.

That's a duty
I dare not fail in, though my interest
Were not concern'd in't. I intend this day

A 3

To

Thersander. } A Cavalier disguised in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Diana.

Thimantes. } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Ismenia.

Clidamant. } Disguised also in the habit of a Shepherd in love with Parthenia.

Melnitus. } A Shepherd of the Island in love with Diana.

Mercator. --- A Merchant of Sevil.

Diana. } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardesse.

Parthenia. } Neece to the Princess, in love with Clidamant.

Ismenia. } A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardess.

Molissa. } The Princess of the Island, and Inchantress, in love with Thersander.

The Goddess *Diana.*

The Scene is in the Island of Erithrea in Portugal.

THE

THE
ENCHANTED
LOVERS.
A
PASTORAL.

ACTUS I.
SCENE I.

MERCATOR, MELINTUS.

MERCATOR.

IF you have any service to command me
At *Sevil*, honour me with your Com-
mission,
To morrow I embarke, and leave the Ile,
Until you Mart returns, and games renew.

MELINTUS.

But first you'l kisse the fair hands of the Nimph,
And take her passport with you?

MERCATOR.

That's a duty
I dare not fail in, though my interest
Were not concern'd in't. I intend this day

A 3

To

To carry her my casket of my richest
And choicest merchandise ; when she hath
bought

What best pleaseth her fancy, I shall be
Dismiss'd, having no more commodities
To sell unto the Shepheards of her Court.

MELINTUS.

Have you sold well ?

MERCATOR.

To what end should I feign ?
The trade goes well enough, I complain not :
Rich Rubies, Pearls of price, bright Diamonds,
Store of fair Coral, costly Amber-greece,
Portraits, and other such dainty devises,
Have passed through my fingers at good rates :
Diana's festival is still kept solemn ;
And as the games which fail not every year
To be renew'd, invite unto those woods
The neighbouring Shepheards, to dispute the
prizes

Proposed on those dayes, I saw among them
Some noble strangers clad in pastoral weeds
That for the honour of this Island chose it
Their sanctuary and repose.

MELINTUS.

You need not
Wonder at this, the place which they have chosen
Denotes their judgments ; here ambition
Hath no employment ; if at any time
We sigh here, 'tis for love, no other passion
Is seen among us ; though this Island be
A part of *Portugal*, we have our laws,
And Empire to our selves ; she that rules here
Hath not the name of Queen, we subjects are
Our Sovereigns companions, and her vertue
Makes us to taste so much repose, that she

Hath

Hath put the Sheephook into the hands of
 A hundred Hero's, who wearied with Lawrels,
 And the noise of the war, are here retir'd
 From the four corners of the World: she rules
 So sweetly, that crime onely feels her anger.
 And as she is descended from the blood
 Of *Zoroastres*, she knows well the vertue:
 Of Herbs, and th' influence of every star;
 She understands the secret misteries
 Of Magick, and sometimes makes use of it
 To serve her interests; there is no Prince
 Nor Monarch that stands not in fear of her.
 And suffereth her not to raig'n in peace
 For his own safety.

MERCATOR.

I know this Asyle,
 And charming residence looks not with envy
 Upon the Court o' th' King of *Portugal*;
 Besides I am not ignorant that the fair
Ismenia, drawn here, by the sweet report,
 Of these enchanting pleasures, to enjoy them
 In quiet, left the favour of her Queen;
 And that this beauty by a sudden change,
 Adds no small lustre to this Paradise.

MELINTUS.

See, where she comes, *Diana* too with her,
 I must in private speak unto this fair one;
 An interest of love obligeth me
 Continually to make her my devotions.

MERCATOR.

Go Sir, and prosper, may your Saint prove sweet
 And gentle as those South-gales I expect
 In my embarkment. --- Exit *Mercator*.

A 4

SCENA

THE ENCHANTED

SCENA II.

DIANA, MELINTUS, ISMENIA.

DIANA NOT seeing MELINTUS.

DIANA.

TRue, I hate that horrid noise ;
Now my free thought releas'd from such a
trouble,
Enjoies it self.

MELINTUS to DIANA.

So soon to quit the sports,
What was your fancy ?

DIANA.

To avoid discourse
That troubled me, and here I meet with new.

MELINTUS.

Can such a subject as brings homage to you,
Produce th'effect you speak ?

DIANA.

What doth not please me,
Both troubles and offends me.

MELINTUS.

You will one day
Quit those disdainful rigours ?

DIANA.

Yes, when you
Have neither hope, nor love.

MELINTUS.

D'ye entertain
Every one thus that loves you ?

DIANA.

If he be such
As you, I use him just in the same manner.

MELINTUS.

Surely the Shepherd Clidamant speeds better.

DIANA

DIANA.

'Tis then assuredly because he doth not
Resemble you.

MELINTUS.

He entertain'd discourse.
With you in gentle whispers at the Sports.

DIANA.

I do confess it,
We talk'd of you, and of your little skill.

MELINTUS.

Your subject was more serious, without doubt.

DIANA.

What e'r it was, yours, I am sure, offends me.
Remove this hated object from mine eyes;
Your presence will at last provoke my anger.

MELINTUS.

Can one displease you, speaking of your Loves?
Thou Husband'st for him that so sweet dis-
course.

ISMENIA.

Every one knows that who but speaks *Melintus*,
Speaks jealous.

MELINTUS.

It is no secret what men think of thee;
Every one knows, that who speaks but *Ismenia*,
Speaks cocket.

ISMENIA.

Really thou hast much reason
To be afflicted at that late discourse,
Clidamant merits much, and I'll oblige him.

DIANA.

Leave us.

MELINTUS.

He doth expect you, and I trouble you;
But wee'll find out a way to cross his fortune.

Exit *Melintus*.

DIANA TO ISMENIA

He thinks that *Clidamant* enjoys my love.

ISMENIA.

Thou hast no reason, Shepherdeſs, to draw him
 Out of his error: in the mean time wilt thou
 Not yield thee to the faithful ſervices,
 The prayers and tears of the devout *Therſander*?
 Wilt thou not love him yet? he that encourag'd
 By thy fair preſence, only to pleaſe thee,
 Hath gain'd ſo many prizes, who to give
 Thy anger no pretence, though he loves much,
 Can more be ſilent, ſince the ardent flame
 Wherewith he burns for thee, is only known,
 To me, unto *Thimantes*, and thy ſelf.

DIANA.

Ne'r ſpeak unto me of it.

ISMENIA.

What! ſtill cruel?

But hearken, I will give thee an adviſe
 Shall touch thee; whiſt we may, we ſhould lay
 hold of

The flying time; he only maketh beauties,
 And he deſtroys them; in the lovely ſeaſon
 That thine laſts, uſe the gifts which nature gives
 thee;

Thou wilt one day loſe this fair luſtre which
 So charmeth hearts, and be an object of
 Comtempt, as now thou art of adoration.

DIANA.

Rather that love, whoſe Orator thou art,
 Yet know'ſt his uſe ſo little, doth times office;
 'Tis he that withereth a face; the cares,
 The troubles and the griefs, which by his means
 Poſſeſs a heart, deſace the lovely features,
 And now the flowers, he is like time the Tyrant
 Of all things; he in a few dayes dries up
 Our Roſes, and our Lillies,

I S M E N I A

I S M E N I A.

Shepheardefss,

Such fear hath smal foundation, quit this thought
 For thy own interest ; when love is once
 Lodg'd in the heart, the ey hath then more light
 The face receiveth thence its full perfection ;
 Then we esteem us, then we please our selves,
 And know our utmost value, we correct
 By art even to the least defect, we call
 Our Glasse to counsel in the ordering
 Our gate, our carriage, and our countenance ;
 There our eye cheers with smiles, or kills with
 frowns,
 Or faintly darts its glances, or with strength,
 Either to wound neer hand, or further of ;
 Therefore once more for thy own interest,
 I say unto thee, love, at least a little,
Thersander that adores thee.

D I A N A.

Really,

Thou dost surprise me, to speak thus unto me,
 Thou that hast never yet had love, nor thought
 Tending to that sick passion, thou that mak'st
 So many Lovers only for thy glory,
 Without remembering one of them, thou that
 Pleasest thy self by turns in their discourse,
 Thou that wilt gain all, & conserve thee nothing.
 Thou sufferest *Thimantes* to adore thee
 To day ; but tell me wilt thou entertain
 His love to morrow ?

I S M E N I A.

I love, but I have alwayes had my method
 In love, the Lover that is troublesome
 Unto me, is my Lover for a day ;
 I burn not yet for love, nor do I sigh for't :
 I make a sport on't still, but ne'r a torment ;
 In thrusting no one of, I'm every day
 Attended by a multitude of servants
 That present courtship to me, and all strive

Who shall be formost, on whom I command
And raigⁿ as Princess; they suppose they please
me

In putting up my praises; when I go
Unto the Temple, they fail not to follow,
And carefully to tread in all my steps.
I am not pleas'd to see in such brave Shepherds
A troop of slaves attending on my train;
I please them all in flattering their desires:
I'm much delighted, when I make them jealous,
Provided that their jealousy extend not
So far as, to betake themselves to arms
For th' honour of my beauty; this high point
Of evidences might, perhaps, enrage
Even all my other lovers.

DIANA.

Ha! how ill
Thou know'st love, and his maximes, I behold
Thy changes as so many crimes; for my part,
If my heart were ta'en with an object once,
I could not pass from love unto contempt;
I should be fix'd unto my first Idea,
And that God wholly should possess my
thoughts.

ISMENIA.

Well then, *Diana*, love, if thou think'st fit,
Beyond the grave, and make so fair a fire
Arise beneath thy ashes.

DIANA.

Oh, alas!

ISMENIA.

What signify those sighs?

DIANA.

They signify
The sorrow of the heart.

ISME-

ISMENIA.

But whence proceeds
That sorrow? is it from thy brothers death,
Or from some lovers? come, deal plainly with
me,
Dost thou not love *Thersander* yet at last?

DIANA.

No, I assure thee.

ISMENIA.

Speak, I'm very secret.

DIANA.

I'll tell thee then, in *Sevil* I receiv'd
Both life and love, *Cleagenor*, *Ismenia*,
Is the name of the Conquerour, whose image
Is graven in my heart.

ISMENIA.

O Gods! how this discourse
Hath cosened my thought, I was about
To give instructions; --- but pursue.

DIANA.

Our parents
Approv'd our love, and the day for our marriage
Already was appointed, when *Neapolis*,
Provoked by an infamous desire,
Came to solicit me unlawfully
In favour of his flame; this favourite
Unto the King after a passion painted,
And coloured with sighs, called his presents
To the assistance of his faith; but this
Proving effectless, he resolv'd my ruin;
He came with open force to satisfy
His beastly and unruly appetite;
And to that end would carry me away.
My Mother having notice at that instant
Of his design, made me to take a drink,
To frustrate it, and then, her subtle policy
Spread

Spread through the Town the rumour of my
death:

Indeed the vertue of this drink procur'd me
So long a sleep, that it appear'd to be
The sleep of death; *Nearchus* terrified
With this sad news, came to behold it painted
Upon my face; remorse of conscience
Within his heart then, quarrel'd with his love:
His sad despair arm'd him to kill himself:
But whilst his soul was troubled herewith,
I was convey'd secretly into
A Bark; scarce had I yet finish'd my sleep,
But at my first waking I saw my self
Upon the Sea. My Mother then related
The whole adventure to me, and the secret
Imposture of my feigned death, when suddenly
A storm brake the discourse, horror and death
March'd on the floods: alas, what shall I say?
Our vessel being carried by the fury
O'th' winds and waves, was split upon a rock,
The several pieces floated on the waters;
I know not which o'th' Gods took care of me
In putting one under my trembling hand,
Which making me pass on those moving graves
Through the disturbed empire of the winds,
Carried me to the shore in all apparence
Devoid of life; here in this quiet Island
Of *Erithrea* where *Melissa* reigns
My body found a receptacle; she
Returning at that instant from the chase,
Perceiv'd it lying, which th'enraged Sea
Yet threatened on its banks, and that same God
Which would compleat his miracle, inclin'd
Her heart to pity at this spectacle:
She caus'd me to be carried to her Court:
It is unto her succour that I owe

The remnant of my dayes : here I first chang'd
My name, the better to assure my flight,
And so to disappoint *Nearchus* pursuit.

ISMENIA.

How Shepherdes, is not thy Name *Diana*?

DIANA.

No, *Celia* was my true and only name ;
But for my safety I made to *Melissa*
A feign'd relation of the miseries
Of my sad life ; since she receiv'd me
Into her palace, where I liv'd with her,
And am now of her Court. Seven times the Sun
Hath finish'd his Carier, since I have seen,
Or heard news of my mother.

ISMENIA.

Was *Cleagenor*
Inform'd of all this ?

DIANA.

Oh, alas ! this is
One of the points that causeth my affliction :
Cleagenor surpris'd by the same
Imposture, came to see me in my bed,
As in my grave : I wonder that the noise
Of his redoubled cryes brake not my sleep :
The heat to revenge me dry'd all his tears :
He found his rival, and assaulted him ;
They fought on equal terms ; *Nearchus* fell
Under his arms for dead ; *Cleagenor*
Was forc'd to fly t'avoid the fury of
Th'offended King : his sudden flight gave not
My Mother opportunity t'inform him
(As she intended) with the fiction
Of my pretended death : since his departure
'Tis now seven years compleat, in all which time
I've heard no news of him ; so that I know not
Whether I mourn the living, or the dead ;

In the mean time to weep my fate more freely,
And to conceal my miserable fortune,
I feign'd a Brothers death.

ISMENIA.

I'm sensible
Of thy misfortune, and will bear a part
In thy sad grief, if that will make it lesse;
I no more now condemne thy sighs, nor tears;
But yet at last preserve thy beauty from
Those murthering sorrows; in this doubtfull
case
Fix thy fair thoughts upon some other object;
If death hath seiz'd thy Servant, sure thou lovest
Too many tears and sighs; or grant he live,
Is't probable that he will keep his constancy
For thee whom he thinks dead? but here's my
Lover.

SCENA III.

THIMANTES, DIANA, ISMENIA.

ISMENIA TO THIMANTES.

What busines brings thee hither?

THIMANTES.

Here I come

A little to divert my thought.

DIANA.

What thought?

THIMANTES.

'Tis a disease which doth assault my sense.

ISMENIA.

What is't, without more circumstance?

THIMANTES.

My plaint

Without words would expresse it; at the sports
Too many Shepherds had unto my grief

Too Ma

Too long thy free ear, and perhaps, thy heart ;
 A World of people pressed round about thee :
 The Shepherd *Dorilas*, me thought, discours'd
 Too long with thee, I saw so many others
 Prostrated at thy foot -----

ISMENIA.

Without more words

Thimantes is become a jealous fool.

Since thou wilt love me, learn to know me well:

Thimantes I am free, and will no Master ;

I'll ne'r depend on any but my self.

Tell me, I pray thee, did I ever promise

To speak to none but thee ? dost thou imagine

So vainly, that thou art the only Lover

That serves me ? have not I yet some which
 ought

To be conserv'd? and amongst all the Shepherds,

Whose faith I have receiv'd, if I should open

My mouth and eyes on none of them but thee,

A. And that one of those dayes thy mind should
 change ;

And mine change too, (as all this well may
 happen)

Would all the others, jealous of this kindness

Express'd to thee thus in particular,

Be still my Lovers, though I had lost thee ?

And if my liberty were not expos'd

For all, which of them would commiserate

My fortune in thy losse ; I think upon

Th'event of things, which thou canst not assure :

At least if one quits me, another takes me :

Consider if this humour pleaseth thee,

If thou canst serve me all thy life time thus,

And not be jealous ; if thou canst, hope one day

Both mouth and hand, and happily the heart

oo May flatter thy affection.

THI-

THE ENCHANTED THIMANTES.

This way
Seems very strange unto me, but almost
Every fair evening some appointed place
Of meeting seems t'assure me of thy love
Sufficiently, and not to flatter me
With frivolous hope.

ISMENIA.

Yet hitherto it is
But airy words.

THIMANTES,

I hope all things from time
In waiting for that day, our names engraven
In every place, will speak my love, *Ismenia*,
I promise-----

ISMENIA.

But no more, here comes *Thersander*;
That Shepherd, whose enflamed heart thine eye
Hath rendered ashes----

DIANA.

Well *Ismenia*,
I leave you.

ISMENIA.

This is too much rigour, trust me,
At least afford the face, if thou deny'
The heart.

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

THERSANDER TO DIANA.

OH stay, dear object stay, thou that art cause
Of all my torments, I have but one word
To say before I dye, the Nymph hath crown'd
My valour with these prizes, here I come

To lay them at thy feet, with them my heart :
 If thou wilt triumph on this festival day,
 Suffer at least thy conquest in thy sight,
 That's all th' ambition of this captive heart.

DIANA.

Captive to me ? if so, make it change Master,
 I freely do release it ; break its chain
 Thy self, if thy design be not to have me
 Free it with my own hand.

THERSANDER.

Alas ! it is not
 Its liberty that I desire.

DIANA.

Then let it
 Live still a slave, and sigh.

THERSANDER.

How, Shepherdes !
 Refuse a heart, this precious present which
 Is alwayes worth a Temple, and the Gods !
 Think well upon it, it becomes thy justice
 Not to despise this noble sacrifice,
 Since I give but the same vi&time and incense
 Unto the powers above ; in my opinion
 Our Goddess in the Temple is less fair,
 And thou dost bear the bright name of *Diana*,
 As well as she.

DIANA.

Since this rich present is
 Of such high value, as 'tis worthy of
 A Temple and the Gods, I believe, Sheheard,
 That it becomes my justice not t'accept
 This noble sacrifice, and I should wrong
 Our puissant Gods in daring to partake (them.
 Their glory, and to share their incense with
 My name's *Diana*, to thy eyes I'm fair ;
 But I am not a Goddess like to her.

THER-

THERSANDER.

Although thou hast no Temple, nor no Altar,
 Thou mak'st thy self adored ; 'tis to day
 Thy festival which I have celebrated :
 I have no other worship, nor no other
Diana, the fire of my love is not
 A profane fire, and if some spark thereof
 Warm not thy breast a little, I must suffer
 The violent heat on't.

DIANA.

Rather I advise thee,
 Quench it with my contempts, this remedy
 Will cure thee, that thou shalt complain no
 more.

THERSANDER.

Good Gods ! what remedy is this which thou
 Offerest me here ? I must dye, Shepherdes,
 If thou cur'st so ; flatter at least, I pray thee,
 With one sole word the love which thou hast
 rais'd ;

If I'm, not happy, make me think I am so.
 Alas ! I cannot hear a single syllable
 To succour me ; if thus thou curest, Shepher-
 des,
 I must dye, there is no prevention for't.

ISMENIA.

Why carriest thou a heart still so rebellious
 To love ?

THIMANTES,

Why dost thou persecute with scorn
 This faithful Shepherd ?

DIANA.

It is best be gone.

THERSANDER.

Yet thrust of thy disdain, if thou wilt spare
 My hand, my death, finish the forming of

The

The sword that kills me, one word more of hate,
And I die presently before thine eys;
Speak, answer me.

ISMENIA.

No more, here comes the Nymph.

DIANA.

Happy arrival, which hath freed me from
So great a trouble!

THERSANDER.

Well for my part then,
I'll try the temper of the marble rocks;
My plaints may pierce them, though they could
not move
A Virgins heart to pitty, much lesse love.

SCENA V.

MELISSA, PARTHENIA, DIANA, ISME-
NIA, THIMANTES, CLIDA-
MANT, MELINTUS.

MELISSA.

Since a full year and more that I have govern'd
This happy Island in the right and lawful
Line and succession of my Ancestours
By the death of my Sister, and since first
Diana's feasts were celebrated here,
Never so many Laurels crown'd your heads,
Nor ever any day ordain'd for pastime
Hath entertain'd mine eyes with such delight.
Every one striving to bear hence the prize
Propos'd to his contention, shew'd his skill,
Both at the Course and Lute; how handsomly
Thersander did behave him at these exercises!
With what a grace he acted every thing!
How charming was his port! and if I may

Say

The

Say what I think of him, he must be sprung
 Either from Kings or Gods : how happy is
Thimantes in his friendship !

THIMANTES.

This happiness which I enjoy 's not new,
 It hath a longer date then from to day :
 His name is precious to me; 't was my fortune
 To have the benefit of his acquaintance
 At my last voyage, I saw his arrival
 From his own native country at the Court
 O' th King of *Portugal*; the sympathy
 Of humors which one man hath with another
 Tied us together in so firm a friendship
 That having met him sad and full of thought,
 I prevail'd with him as to bring him here,
 In hope that in this quiet region where
Melissa reigns, he should lose all his grief.

MELISSA.

Indeed although that prosperous Shepheard
 Received all the prizes from my hand
 Wherewith he's crown'd, I find him not
 standing

Stil melancholy may not this be in him
 Some sad effect of love, blest Shepherdes,
 Who e'r thou art! thrice happy is thy fortune
 In which this noble stranger bound his choice
 He is so far above the common merit,
 That a Nymph should not much abase her self
 In loving him.

CLIDAMANT.

Indeed he merits much,
 And we esteem him all, we love his virtues,
 Without being jealous of them.

PARTHENIA.

Clidamant

Comes nothing short of him in my opinion.

ISMENIA.

Thimantes too will go as far as he.

DIANA.

Another time, *Melintus* without doubt
Will perform better.

MELINTVS.

Yes, when you shal turn
Your eys on that side.

MELISSA.

Shepheards, once again
Prepare, I pray you, for the Nuptials
Of *Thirsis* with *Parthenia*; Neece, that Shepheard
Is worthy of you, and you are not ignorant
That I intend, as soon as he returns,
To make him (as I hope) your happy husband.

PARTHENIA.

aside

Yes, if my heart can suffer violence.

MELISSA.

In the mean time, let's go unto the Temple,
Our thanks and our devotions to pay
Vnto the Gods on this so glorious day.*The end of the first Act.*

Actus

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

ISMENIA, THERSANDER, THIMANTES

ISMENIA.

T Is true, *Thersander*, I have done for thee
As much as possibly I could, I made
Thy sighs, thy constancy, thy faith appear
For to persuade her, but I lost my labour,
Diana is insensible, her heart,
Which loves sweet applications cannot touch
Among so many rocks, is become rock.

THERSANDER.

What shall I do, *Thimantes*? what a rude
And rigorous fortune steers my destiny?

THIMANTES.

Quit that ingrateful, and come forth of slavery

THERSANDER.

How shall I come forth? I'm born miserable
Under the frowning, and the fatal aspect
Of an ungentle Star, which in despite
Of all my studies to defend me from it;
Pursues *Cleagenor* under the name
Of poor *Thersander*.

ISMENIA.

What is that I hear!
Good Gods!

THIMANTES.

Thersander, what hast thou discover'd?
Hath thy own mouth betrayed thus thy secret?
See into what great danger thy imprudence
Puts thee at present; fearest thou no more,
Nearchus, and his power?

THIMANTES.

THERSANDER.

No, I fear nothing
 After this sentence, but seek death, for since
 It is resolv'd by fate that I must die,
 What matter is it, by what arm it be,
 Whether *Nearchus*, or *Diana* kill me.

ISMENIA.

Oh Gods! how happy is he? -----/softly.
 Hath not she
 For whom thou diest had some intelligence
 That thy heart loves elsewhere? if it be so,
 And that thy inconstancy procures thy torment,
 Thou wrongfully accusest her of cruelty.

THERSANDER.

Quite contrary, this love wherewith thou see'st
 My heart disturb'd, is a sure testimony
 Of my fidelity: 'tis true, alas!
 I sometime lov'd an object of such beauty,
 That the Gods never fram'd so fair a peece:
 The Roses and the Lillies form'd the colour
 Which dy'd her cheeks, and in her sparkling eys
 The Sun was painted; to express unto thee
 Yet better her divine perfections,
Diana is her Portrait to the life
Celia is seen in her; she like *Diana*
 Had a Magestick carriage, she had
 A mouth, and eys like her, she had an air,
 Fierce too like hers, but amiable; lastly
 In every thing she seem'd *Diana's* self:
 My heart is constant therefore as before,
 Since still I love her in her living Portrait.
 I thought at first then, that her death was false,
 And that *Diana* was that lovely object;
 But when I saw *Diana* entertain
 With such contempt the fervent love wherewith

B

My

My heart was taken, when I saw her rigours,
 And infinite hatred, I perceiv'd my error,
 And said this is not *Celia*; so that
 I saw well by her cruelties indeed
 That I pursu'd her picture, and had passion
 But for a Portrait.

ISMENIA.

What! is *Celia* dead then?

THERSANDER.

Alas! that's my affliction, I saw her
 Stretch'd out upon her death-bed dead, *Ismenia*
 And more dead yet then she, I saw those places
 Shine with a certain rest of brightness which
 Her eyes had darted: presently on this
 I had a Combat with *Nearchus* for
 This charming Beauty; that proud favourite
 Unto the King by infamous desires,
 Form'd him an object to his filthy pleasures,
 This outrage was intended to her sweetness:
 We fought on this occasion, it was
 My fortune to disarm him; but the death
 Of *Celia*, and the anger of the King,
 (To save me from the rigor of the Law)
 Enforc'd me to a flight, and made me wander
 Seven year from Province unto Province: last
 ly

Wearied to see the Court of every Prince,
 I thought to free me of all dangers here
 Under the feign'd name of *Thersander*, and
 The habit of a Shepherd: to disguise me
 Yet better, the afflictions of my heart
 Have chang'd my Visage.

ISMENIA.

Hast thou nothing with thee
 That formerly was *Celia's*?

THE

THERSANDER.

Yes, one day
 I receiv'd from her hand this pretious pledge
 Of her unfeigned love, behold this Portrait,
 And judge, I pray thee, if I love *Diana*,
 Or *Celia*.

ISMENIA.

Let me have this Portrait; with it
 I'll cure thy evil, *Diana* seeing it
 Will become gentle, I'll go shew it her.

THERSANDER.

What wilt thou do, *Ismenia*? but I see
Diana: O Gods! end my misery.

SCENA II.

DIANA, THERSANDER, ISMENIA, THIMANTES.

DIANA.

I Sought thee every where.----- to *Ismenia*.

THERSANDER.

You will oblige me,-----to *Ismenia*.
Ismenia, to restore my Portrait to me.

ISMENIA

Troublesome Shepheard!

I have much to say-----to *Diana*
 To thee in private, therefore let us enter
 Into this Wood.-----Exit *Ismenia* and *Diana*.

THERSANDER.

Shew her that Portrait! oh my martyrdom!
 Traitorous *Ismenia*, is this that faith
 For which *Thimantes* alwaies answered
 To me for thee? yes it is by thy counsels,
Thimantes, only that my seduc'd soul

Left her the conduct of my faithfull love :
Nothing from thee or me can work upon her,
She jeers at all ; but let us find her out.

Exit Therfander and Thimantes

Ismenia returns with Diana.

ISMENIA.

I see w' are private here, we may speak freely.
A Mistress yet at last sighs for *Therfander*,
And one too in this Island far lesse cruel
Then thee ; accept his service, and embrace
His faith : this portrait which thou seest here,
He receiv'd from her as a faithfull witness
Of their reciprocal and mutual fires.

DIANA.

What do I see ?

ISMENIA.

That portrait (as I take it)
Whereof *Therfander* is so proud.

DIANA.

I gave
Such a one to *Cleagenor* ; *Ismenia*,
Who gave it thee ?

ISMENIA.

Cleagenor himself.

DIANA.

O Gods ! what saiest thou to me ? thou art in
An extream error.

ISMENIA.

I tell thee again
Cleagenor himself gave it to me.

DIANA.

This discourse holds no credit.

ISMENIA.

Every day
Almost I see him, and thou seest him also

As well as I.

DIANA.

I comprehend not these obscurities.

ISMENIA.

He loves thee, and thou fliest him.

DIANA.

I fly

None but *Thersander*.

ISMENIA.

Well, henceforth accuse

None but thy self of these disasters, 'tis

The same *Cleagnor* that loveth thee,

And whom thou fli'st.

DIANA.

Cleagnor! Ismenia;

That cannot be, is 't possible that I

Should have been two monerhs without know-
ing him,

For so long 'tis since he arriv'd among us.

ISMENIA.

Thy grief hood-winck'd thine eyes, thou couldst
not see him.

Think'st thou that since those seven years thou
hast liv'd

Upon those fair banks, time that changeth all
things,

Hath not yet chang'd a face? there comes *Ther-
sander*;

Take a full survey of him, whilst I hold him

In some discourse; make shew as if thou'dst en-
ter

Into that Wood, and have a care thou do not

Discover thee till I have ordered

Thy meeting with him.

DIANA.

Happy pledge of love! *Entering into the Wood*

SCENA III.

THERSANDER, THIMANTES, ISMENIA,
DIANA.

THERSANDER TO THIMANTES.

THou see'st what she hath donè; unto *Diana*
Sh' 'as given the Portrait.

THIMANTES.

See she enters there
Into that Wood.

ISMENIA.

A word with thee *Thersander*,

THERSANDER.

Perfidious, finish here thy crime, and be
My murderer; strike, strike this heart, I pray
thee,That hopes no more; but by what interest
Hast thou betrai'd me?

ISMENIA.

Why complainest thou?

THERSANDER.

O gross dissimulation! dar'st thou yet
To ask what is my plaint?

DIANA.

He hath his gate.

} *Softly, looking on him, where
she was hidden.*

ISMENIA.

Thy heat bears nothing, give me leave to speak.

THERSANDER.

Yes, to feign more, and to lie at thy pleasure,
Am I oblig'd stil to thee for my life?

ISME-

LOVERS.

31

ISMENIA.

How soon love doth degenerate into folly?

THIMANTES.

Thersander, hear her.

THERSANDER.

What is 't she can say?

ISMENIA.

Since th'art so obstinate, let thy love go:
Which way it will, I'll have no more to do in't.

THERSANDER.

Speak then, what wilt thou?

ISMENIA.

I have nought to say now.

THIMANTES.

Thou would'st speak to him.

ISMENIA.

'Twas to laugh a little.

THIMANTES.

I pray thee, speak unto him.

THERSANDER.

I conjure thee,

Isenia, in the name of all the Gods,

Jeer not my Passion.

ISMENIA.

It is now my turn

To be perverse.

THERSANDER.

I hear thee, speak, what sai'st thou?

ISMENIA.

Since thou wilt have it, know then that a Rival
Hath caus'd thy grief and torments.

THERSANDER.

How, a Rival!

At that Word I'm all fire, a Rival!

ISMENIA

Yes,
A Rival, good *Thersander*, but a lov'd one.

THERSANDER.

What ! loved of *Diana* ?

ISMENIA.

Yes of her,
And more too, of thy self.

THERSANDER.

That's very strange ;
How should I chuse but bear a mortal hatred
To him, my Mistress loves ; who e'r he be,
I must revenged die.

DIANA

Softly

If this should be
Cleagenor, O Gods ! how is he chang'd ?

THERSANDER.

Where is that Rival ?

ISMENIA.

With thee, *Thersander* ;
Thou would'st defend him, if occasion were,
At the expence of all thy blood ; believe me,
Thou never leavest him.

THERSANDER.

Without dissembling, ----- to *Thimantes*
Tell me *Thimantes*, art not thou that Rival,
She means ? I think thou art my friend, deal
plainly
And freely with me, art not thou that cruel,
That false and traiterous Rival ?

THIMANTES.

Answer him,
Ismenia.

THERSANDER.

Well, what wilt thou say at last ?

ISME-

ISMENIA.

Thersander hath for Rival in his love,-----

THERSANDER.

Speak, whom?

ISMENIA.

Cleagenor,

THERSANDER.

Cleagenor!

Ismenia, ha! my joy, sure, is extream;
True, I confess, I love this Rival equal
Unto my self, and if he may be loved
Of th' object whom I serve, I will adore
My chains without condemning her of ri-
gour.

ISMENIA.

Thou hast lost nothing by this bout, thy for-
tune

May create envy, fair *Diana* hath
Yielded to *Celia's* portrait.

DIANA.

Softly,

Who, to see

Those decay'd features, could have known that
face?

But my love hath at last drawn them afresh
Within my memory; I must draw near him,
And yield to my impatience.

THERSANDER, to ISMENIA.

Pardon me,

I can't believe thee; but here comes *Diana*;
See if her eyes ha' n't the same cruelty,
Alwaies the same pride, and the same disdain.

DIANA.

Ismenia, I am come to tell thee something,

ISMENIA.

Me *Celia*?

B5

THER-

THE ENCHANTED
THERSANDER.

How, *Celia*?

ISMENIA.

Yes, *Celia*.

THERSANDER.

Alas! I'm in an error; 'tis her eyes,
Her gate, her countenance, but not her heart.

ISMENIA.

'Tis she, *Thersander*, whom thou do'st behold,
It is her very self.

THERSANDER.

How! is't a custome
To call forth from the bosom of the Grave
Departed souls? and by what privilege
Hath that God, who at the eternal sleep
Presides, ordain'd her waking?

DIANA, to THERSANDER.

Though thy faith
Finds this point strange, is not love stronger
nough

To make thee to believe a Miracle?
Cleagenor sees me, and knows me not:
How comes it, is my Portrait false? have J
No more attractions? see if't be thy *Celia*,
At least if't be not she; it is no more
That beauty which was late so cruel to thee;
Cleagenor!

THERSANDER.

My *Celia*!

DIANA.

Is it possible,
O Gods! that J should see again what J
Best love i'th World?

THERSANDER.

Is it you that J see?

ISMENIA.

Take heed, be moderate, one may die with joy.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia, follow this example here;
Grant only at this instant but a kisse
To my impatience, see at last *Diana*
Ceaseth to be unkind.

ISMENIA.

What! doth the object rouse thee, and th'ex-
ample

Provoke thy spirits? thou wilt have but one kisse?

THIMANTES.

I will be satisfied.

ISMENIA.

Give me then
Some verses, or at least a nose-gay of
The choicest flowers.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia, I'll not fail
To bring them thee.

ISMENIA.

Then trouble not thy self,
The kisse is thine.

THIMANTES.

Wilt thou withhold from me
So long what is my due?

ISMENIA,

It will be better
When it is much expected, and long'd for.

THERSANDER.

Behold my whole adventure in few words.

DIANA.

I've made thee too a full description
Of my misfortunes; thou seest how I feign'd
(To give my grief full vent) a Brothers death

In weeping of my lovers.

THERSANDER.

What felicity

Do I injoy now?

THIMANTES.

Use your utmost skil

To make it lasting to you, and beware of
The fickleness of fortune, and her wrongs.

THERSANDER.

What! have we yet any thing more to fear?
Is not that blind inconstant Goddess weary
Of persecuting us?

THIMANTES.

Love is a child,

He must be govern'd well, *Diana's* beauty
Hath gain'd her lovers, they may hurt, *Thersander*;

Melintus hath a subtle wit, and we
Both know he loves *Diana*, and besides
Is jealous of her; fear some foul play from him,
If thou appear his Rival; he disposeth
The spirit of *Melissa* at his pleasure;
When he shall see you serve as obstacle
Unto his love, he will take speedy order
For your removal.

THERSANDER.

But to hinder him

To hurt me, I conceive *Diana* hath
No less power on the spirit of the Nymph.

THIMANTES,

But if the Nymph loves thee, as I observ'd
Her heart expressed some such matter lately,
When at her last return home from the Games,
Her free confession to us all, declar'd
How much she did esteem thee, but at last

With

With such an esteem that love followed
 Close at the heels in plain terms, and indeed
 Spoken by her of purpose, if she loves thee,
 I say (as I'm confirmed in that thought)
 How wilt thou steer thy course?

ISMENIA.

'Tis very true,
 Her discourse comes into my memory.

THERSANDER.

O Gods! what's this you utter?

DIANA.

For my part
 I begin to believe it, and remember
 The passage too, I fear all things from thence:
 This is the only mischief we should shun.

ISMENIA.

What can she not do 'gainst your interests,
 When your refuse shall come to arm her anger
 Against you? Know that with a single word,
 I'th twinckling of an eye too, she can calm
 The floods and make a mutiny amongst them,
 Call forth corrupted bodies from their graves,
 Make their cold ashes speak, and their pale ghosts
 To walk; these were the secrets, *Zoroastres*
 Taught, whil' st he reign'd, to his posterity;
 She is descended from him; and to give
 Her self content, will make use of her art
 To serve her passion.

THERSANDER.

I know that her skill
 Extends to Magick. Yes I fear her love
 With so much power, and yield unto thy counsel
 Advise us what to do.

THIMANTES.

Disguise your selves

Under

Under the names of Brother, and of Sister,
In the mean time we'll spread abroad the rumor
Of this event that every one shall hear it
Within the Island.

THEERSANDER.

I approve this project.

DIANA.

My life lies on it.

ISMENIA.

I go to begin
To lie unto *Parthenia*.

SCENA IV.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA, DIANA,
THEERSANDER, THIMANTES.

PARTHENIA.

I *Smenia*, (ment.
I would speak one word with thee but a mo-

ISMENIA.

Immediately when you have born a part
In the contentment of this pair; *Diana*
Hath for the future no more cause to weep
Heaven hath been pleas'd that she hath found her
brother,
It is this happy Shepheard, they acknowledge
Each other.

PARTHENIA.

This event, I must confess
Confounds my spirit; *Theersander* found her bro-
ther?

DIANA.

Yes Nymph, it is the same,
For whom my grief was hitherto extream.

The

The Gods at length have heard my prayers and

THERSANDER. (sighs.

Yes, Madam they have granted our desires.

PARTHENIA.

J'm very glad on't, and my soul is ravish'd
With this good fortune of our friends, which
makes

Our lives content, *Diana* will oblige me
If she please at her leisure to inform me
with the discovery; but acquaint the Nymph
Therewith, and to that purpose go to see her.

THERSANDER.

We ow that duty to our Sovereign.

Exeunt *Thers* and *Diana*.

PARTHENIA.

In the mean time *Ismenia* and my self
May entertain each other in discourse,
Thimantes, J believe, will not be jealous.

THIMANTES.

Let not a third come, Madam, and J fear
Nothing from you.-----Exit *Thimantes*.

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, J know not,
If J may safely tell a secret to thee,
Alas!

ISMENIA.

J know it well, since the heart sighs; (it,
When one would say J love, and dares not speak
The heart at the nam'd point gives an Alas.
Have not J well divin'd?

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia,
I do confess it, see too, if thou canst
Divine the object that procures my grief
Let me not speak him, spare my cheeks those
blushes.

ISME-

ISMENIA.

I cannot, a sigh carries not so far;
 You love; but what more, is beyond my skill
 To understand, unless your self unfold
 That sigh unto me by its cause.

PARTHENIA.

'Tis true
 I love.

ISMENIA.

But whom?

PARTHENIA.

'Tis-----

ISMENIA.

Out with't.

PARTHENIA.

Clidamant.

ISMENIA,

Behold a handsom way to name a Lover;
 Ha! how you fear your lips should touch upon it!
 One must draw 't word by word out of your
 mouth;

You have then but one lover; really
 'Tis well as't happens; had you lists of them
 As I have, which I name, and reckon over
 Every hour of the day, your bashfulness
 Would well become you; love is a fair fruit,
 But then it must be gathered, modestly
 Leaves it to fall and wither, but I pray you
 What will *Melissa* say to't, who intends
 To match her Niece to *Thirsis*?

PARTHENIA.

Oh! I hate
 That *Thirsis*, and shall be even in despair,
 If the Nymph force me to observe my duty
 In that particular; yet I would keep it

Without

Without disturbance, if the love I bear
To *Clidamant* should not return me his;
For to speak truly I am violent
Where honour doth ingage me, therefore would

I

Have his heart to be sounded, and as I
Find it dispos'd, I should pursue my love,
Or quench my flame.

ISMENIA.

Speak unto him your self,
Nothing's more easie.

PARTHENIA.

But, *Ismenia*,
Thou hast a wit would help me; if I should
Speak to him, he hath little understanding
If he should not know that I first was taken,
And I should sin against the rule of maids
To make such a confession.

ISMENIA.

You may write then,

PARTHENIA.

That is all one, still the same point of honour
Forbids it me; my Letter would discover
My love, and make him boast thereof, perhaps,
To my dishonour, if he might have once
That mark on't in his hand.

ISMENIA.

Let him then
Divine it, if he be Astrologer.

PARTHENIA.

Treat not my passion thus with railery.

ISMENIA.

I must then serve you in it, I perceive;
Well I'll about it with my best invention;
I'll write a Letter to him, and invite him
By a feign'd love, as soon as it is night,

To

To meet me at the Eccho of the Garden,
To entertain us there.

P A R T H E N I A.

So in my absence
Thou shalt discern his thought.

I S M E N I A.

This business (sense
Concerns you, Madam, and requires your presence
You shall speak softly to him, and in those
Sweet moments, you shall understand much better

What his thoughts are, and thus you may yourself,

To find out if he loves, speak of your self.

P A R T H E N I A.

Thou wilt be present too?

I S M E N I A.

Yes, J 'l so well

Contrive it, that he shal believe undoubtedly
That it is I that speak.

P A R T H E N I A.

But how can we

Speak to the Eccho, for thou know'st the Nymph,
As soon as it is night, retires her self,
And then we cannot come there, what devise now
Hast thou that we may speak to him?

I S M E N I A.

Cannot we

Speak to him from the terrass which joins close
Unto the Garden; you know that you can
Conveniently come there at any hour
From your apartment; 'tis upon this ground,
And these conjunctures, that I've ta'n the plot
For my invention.

P A R T H E N I A.

J admire thy wit,

'Tis

Tis wonderfull industrious and ready.

ISMENIA.

I'll write the Letter here before your eyes,
Behold the paper for it.

PARTHENIA.

How, these are

Thy writing Tables!

ISMENIA.

They can speak of Passions

Discreet and secret; J 'l about my business,
And use my smoothest stile.

PARTHENIA,

Especially

Appoint him wel the hour and place of meeting:

How redevable am J to thy wit

For this great favour? what do J not ow thee

For this good office, thou giv'st me again.

Life, and repose.

ISMENIA.

See what J write unto him

In two words for you, they are very pressing,

And will ingage him to betake himself

Unto the place appointed to know more.

PARTHENIA.

'Tis very well; it rests now how to giv' 't him.

ISMENIA.

Leave me the care of that; but here he comes.

SCENA.

SCENA V.

MELINTUS, CLIDAMANT, PARTHENIA
ISMENIA.

MELINTUS, to CLIDAMANT.

YEs, J have heard *Diana* is his sister.

CLIDAMANT, to PARTHENIA.

Madam, *Melintus* and my self are going
To seek *Thersander*, to congratulate
With him his happy meeting with his sister.

ISMENIA, to CLIDAMANT.

Thersander's happy, and thou art no lesse,
Since thy good fortune offereth it self
Unto thy hand, from whence thou mai'st expect
All that thou canst desire without that jealous.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

Come, let us go, the Nymph expecteth us.

ISMENIA, softly to CLIDAMANT.

Having no opportunity at present
To speak unto thee, read, J think 't will please
thee.

CLIDAMANT.

Read it, J think 't will please thee, what it's
name

Of wonder doth she mean?

MELINTUS.

Take but the pain

To open, and to read it thou shalt find.

CLIDAMANT.

J think, J may make thine eyes witnesses
Of what it doth contain, there's nothing in it
Secret or serious, *Ismenia* loves
To jest, and to be talk'd of; and this is

Some

Some new piece of her wonted merry wit.

MELINTUS.

I am impatient, prethee open it.

CLIDAMANT.

Let me see what divertisement is here,
Which she expounds good fortune, what is this?

He reads.

List of my Lovers by an exact order
Of Alphabet.

'Tis very well put of;

But so far forth as J can see yet, neither
Observe J here *Melintus* or my self.

MELINTUS.

For my part, J reuounce there; turn the leaf,
Go on.

CLIDAMANT, reads.

Stanza's of Dorilas upon inconstancy.

'Tis true, *Ismenia* thou art fair,
But more inconstant then the air;
And every Lover is a Mark
Exposed to thy humourous dart;
As soon as he meets thy disdain,
He flies to death to cure his pain,
And makes but one large step in all
From his bright glory to his fall.

With these defects yet thou canst charm;
But I'll not love, for fear of harm;
Yet J approve all things in thee,
Yea even to thy inconstancy;

And

And will not, to incur thy hate,
 Jealous *Melintus* imitate,
 Whose humour every thing offends,
 And nothing pleaseth but its ends.

CLIDAMANT.

Melintus, what sai'st thou unto them?

MELINTUS.

J see for what design she put those Tables
 Into thy hand, J call'd her cocket lately,
 And that, it seems, provok'd her to return me
 The injury with one of the same nature.

CLIDAMANT, *continues to read.*

Sonnet of *Silvia*, my most faithfull Lover.
 A Madrigal of *Thirsis*, ---- what's this follows,
 Unto the Shepheard *Clidamant*.

CLIDAMANT.

Melintus,

Am J not purblind, see if this name doth
 Strike thine eyes thus like mine!

Melintus looking into the writing Tables.

MELINTUS.

Nothing's more certain,
 It is address'd to thee; thou art more happy
 Than thou imagin'st.

CLIDAMANT, *reads.*

As soon as the dark shadows of the night

Hang o'r the light,

As th' Eccho of the Garden let us meet;

But be discreet;

'Tis love invites thee; more anon,

When w're alone.

Ismenia.

Melintus would take the writing Tables.

MELINTUS.

Prethee let me see them,

Grant

Grant me this favour-----not, then J, believe
Thou do'st disguise the truth, and read'st *Ismenia*,
When 'tis subscrib'd *Diana*.

CLIDAMANT.

Oh fond jealous !
How long wilt thou thus be thy own tormenter?

MELINTUS.

Yet shew them me.

CLIDAMANT.

To cure thy troubled spirit,
I'll first o'rcome thy curiosity ;
And since the discreet Lover, what vain heat
Soever presseth thee, never shews thus
His Mistress name-----

MELINTUS.

But-----

CLIDAMANT.

Quit those blind suspicions ; as soon
As it is night I'll go unto the Eccho
Alone, and with our noise ; I'm all a fire
To know what she will tell me, in the mean time
Let's go unto the Nymph to seek *Thersander*.

MELINTUS,

softly

To be more sure, and to inform my self
Yet fuller of thy faith in this my doubt,
I'll to the Eccho too, and find it out.

The end of the second Act.

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

MELISSA, DIANA.

MELISSA.

I Say to thee again that J receive
 Much pleafute at this news, that thou, *Diana*,
 Art fister to the generous *Therfander* ;
 He hath inform'd me with the ftrange misfor-
 tune

Which separated on the churlish Sea
 The Brother from the Sifter, in what place
 Upon a plank, efaped from the wrack,
 The ftorm remov'd him from the anger of
 Th' intraged Sea, what countries he hath feen,
 What pains and troubles he hath undergone ;
 Laftly he nam'd the happy fortune which
 Conducted him to us here ; I thank Heaven ,
 That made thee know him, I'm as fenfible
 Of this content as thou canft be thy felf ;
 He is fo highly qualified, that he's worthy
 The name of King, ye both fhall find with me
 A Sanctuary, and what ever fortune
 Ye have, I will partake it good or bad ;
 My fortunes, ye fhall bare too, fo that all things
 Between us fhall be common : I believe
Diana towards me will be fo well
 Dispos'd of her part, and that whatfoever
 Concerns me, will rouch her.

DIANA.

Madam, I fhould
 Be barbaroufly ingratefull otherwife ;

I still remember that being on the Shore,
 Cast as a wretched wrack there by the floods,
 Expecting every minute death's approach,
 I met with you my port and sanctuary:
 Oh that I have not power for all this goodness
 To express how much acknowledgement I have!

MELISSA.

Thou hast.

DIANA.

How Madam?

MELISSA.

In expecting nothing
 But death as I do now, thou canst be to me
 At thy turn both my port and sanctuary;
 Thou canst subdue the enemy that braves me,
 That of a Sovereign will make a slave;
 He's in thy power, thou canst abate his courage.

DIANA.

What is that enemy which troubles you?

MELISSA.

He's one whose Magick can enchant the arms
 Of the most Valiant; he can draw tears from
 The most Heroick; nothing is so strong,
 Which he can't compass; and without respect
 To any place or person whatsoever,
 He equally distributeth his flames.

DIANA.

I know him not yet by this Character.

MELISSA.

How know'st thou not that tyrant of great Monarchs?

That famous Conqueror of Conquerours,
 Who notwithstanding is but a blind child?

DIANA.

If I durst to express me, I believe,

C

J

I know him.

MELISSA.

Speak it freely.

DIANA.

I'm mistaken,

Or I have seen love painted in such colours,
Blind and a child, yet a great Conquerour.

MELISSA.

'Tis the same love whereof I speak unto thee

DIANA.

Who is the happy Lover that procures
Your martyrdom?

MELISSA.

Alas! could'st thou not spare me
The shame to speak him? cover, gentle night,
Immediately those places and my brow
With the same colour, so to please my heat;
I love; but let us finish since I've said
I love, *Thersander* is my object.

DIANA.

What,
My Brother?

MELISSA.

He. If his heart be a prize
Not easie to be gain'd, there's nothing which
I would spare for him, I would arm to have him;
Nought should oppose me, every obstacle
I would o'rcome; already by some words
Which he observ'd not, spoken by the bie,
My love was half expressed.

DIANA.

As he should not
Dare to pretend unto so great an honour,
He would be criminal, if he believed
To understand you.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Well then, be thou here
 The mouth and true interpreter of my heart,
 Express the kind heat of my timorous soul;
 Tell him that I'm a subject to his Laws,
 That he may boldly fix his thoughts upon
 The person of *Melissa*, and not fear
 To be condemn'd, that his ambition
 May soar so high a pitch, and not be check'd,
 That he may sigh the same sighs with a King;
 Husband thar heart for me, to which mine aims;
 But let him not think that it comes from me;
 My honour would receive a prejudice
 By such a thought, thou only shalt acquaint him
 With this, as from thy self.

DIANA.

J understand you,
 He must needs yield to this; I'll do your will.

MELISSA.

As soon as he appears, I will retire me,
 And from one of these places I shall hear
 Every word that you speak one to another
 In reference to my flame.

DIANA.

I should methinks
 Act with more freeness, if J were to treat
 With him alone.

MELISSA.

No, J will hear my self
 What he thinks of me, J can best of all
 Trust mine own ears and eyes in this affair.

DIANA.

But, Madam, after all-----

MELISSA.

Shepherdess,

The thing's resolv'd, thou need'st not say no more.

Untill he come, I pray thee, entertain
These woods here with some air, and let us see
If the Eccho will answer to thy discourse ;

DIANA.

Your prayer is a command ; some plaints of love
Shall make the subject of it.

MELISSA.

What thou wilt.

DIANA'S Song.

*Ye Trees, ye Rocks, perfum'd Valleys, sweet
And charming Zephirs, murmuring fountains
keep*

*My griefs close in your bosome, you alone
Are witnesses unto my fires and moans,*

Tell me if my sad heart, not daring to

Declare it its self, at least may sigh its woe ?

May sigh its woe----Eccho

Will then my sighs, make no noise as ye passe

The airy Regions only breath alas

Vnto the heart that sent you forth ; since I

Can't speak to thee, dear object of my cry,

Let th' Ecco, that's attentive, say for me

That if I love (as sure I do) 'tis thee.

'tis thee----Eccho

SCENA

SCENA II.

THERSANDER, MELISSA, DIANA.

THERSANDER.

D*iana's* here about, her voice assures me.MELISSA *to* DIANA*softly*

Thy Brother comes here, take this opportunity.
 Be sure thou speak unto him loud enough;
 Thou art my only hope; I go from hence
 To hear, and to observe thee.

DIANA.

softly

We are undone,

Thersander will discover all in speaking.

THERSANDER.

'Tis now no longer time to utter sighs,
 Let us resume our joy, and dry our tears,
 Crown our sad spirits with flowers, and think no
 more of

Our pass'd misfortunes, let's form our discourse
 Of the most pleasant thoughts, and let us chat
 Of love.

DIANA.

Let me alone, I'll entertain thee
 Upon that subject.

THERSANDER.

It belongs to me
 To speak of that, and when I do consider
 With what darts in my heart-----

DIANA.

I know it well

'Tis of a longer date than from to day,
 That I have read thy heart; and I believe

C 3

That

That never any one hath seen a Brother
To love his sister so.

THERSANDER.

The love wherewith
I am assaulted, and would make thee see,
Exceeds that of a brother, it begets,
Complaints and Sighs, it driveth to despair,
And kills; the love we bear unto a Sister,
Makes not so many sufferings; but I love-----

DIANA.

I divine whom, thou burnest with desire
To speak unto me here of *Celia's* love.

THERSANDER.

Thou do'st divine right, I take a great pleasure
To speak of it with thee; methinks I see her
Still when I look on thee; how fit I find thee
To be the faithfull guardian of my love,
Assur'd of thy fidelity, and that
Thy heart is alwaies mine.

DIANA.

Thou need'st not doubt it.

THERSANDER.

O my dear!

DIANA.

Brother I'm not ignorant
How dear I am unto thee.

THIMANTES.

Thy fair eyes-----

DIANA.

How! flatter and court thy sister
By thy discourse?

THERSANDER.

I cannot speak, unto thee
Thou interrupt'st me still.

DIANA

D I A N A.

Th' advice is worth it, and I'll give thee notice
 That from esteem they pass to love for thee,
 That scarce arriv'dst thou unto this place
 But thy good fortune without any trouble
 Gain'd thee the conquest of a heart, for which
 Great Kings will envie thee, it is *Melissa's*.

T H E R S A N D E R.

O Gods ! what dost thou say ?

D I A N A.

What doth astonish thee,
 I see how thou art troubled to believe it.
 This great heart finds no place yet in thy
 faith:

To make thee happy in't, I must imbrace thee.

She speaks softly to him, in imbracing him.

The Nymph hears our discourse, 'tis fit thou feign,

She speaks loud again.

Wilt thou not yield to this excess of honour ?
 Think that thy *Celia* in this conjuncture,
 Hath no resentment in her heart, against thee,
 Nor murmurs at it.

T H E R S A N D E R.

In this extasie
 Wherein I am through this excess of honour,
 I'm seeking of my self, but cannot find me.
 How ! dare to love the Nymph ? r'aspire to her ?
 No my ambition's not so criminal.

D I A N A.

Under those high respects, I see thy love,

T H E R S A N D E R.

How can I otherwise express it, Sister ?
 If the Nymph tempts me, and will make a crime
 on't,
 It shall then have the name but of a lawfull

Respect; and if I see occasion
T'express me further on this point, this lawfull
Respect shall bear the bolder name of love.

DIANA.

Brother, it hath that name, and J am ready
To boast unto her, her illustrious conquest:
But the Sun, J perceive, plungeth himself
I' th' waters, and the shadows seise the tops
O' th' Mountains, it is time now to betake me
Unto *Melissa*; but behold, she comes.

*Melissa comes forth from the place
where she was hidden.*

MELISSA.

What serious discourse have you together?

DIANA.

Our subject is of Love, of Mistresses,
Of Servants, and of Sighs.

MELISSA.

What! hath *Thersander*
Already gotten him a Mistress?

THERSANDER.

Madam,

I have too little merit and address:
Besides to serve, to honour and obey you,
I have no other thought; our discourse was,
Your goodness for us, which my heart shall ever
Record as in a Register of Brass,
Where my acknowledgements shall never pass.

SCENA

SCENA III.

MELINTUS, MELISSA, DIANA, THERSANDER.

MELINTUS.

calling.

HO, *Clidamant*!

MELISSA.

It is enough, let's go,
I hear some noise, and would not be seen
here
T'rh' night.---

Exeunt Melissa, Diana, Thersander.

MELINTUS,

continuing to call.

Ismenia, Clidamant! they hear,
But flie me, and the night robs my sight of
them;

But this is not *Ismenia*, and I am
Deceived much, if I saw not the gate,
The stature, and the gesture of *Diana*;
Yes, *Clidamant* abus'd me with a lie,
Diana builds his fortune at my cost,
And that note which he would conceal from me
Without doubt was subscrib'd with her fair
hand;

Yes, 'twas *Dianaes*, though he read *Ismenia*,
To spare my grief a little, and my trouble.
How simple was J that J followed
Not close upon his steps: but soft, methinks,
J hear a noise, perhaps it may be he.

SCENA IV.

CLIDAMANT, MELINTUS.

CLIDAMANT.

O Night, lend me thy silence, make these woods
 To hold their peace in th' absence of the day,
 And let no sound be heard here but my love:
 At last I'm happily delivered from
 A troublesome companion, that would
 Obstruct my fortune, that same jealous Shep-
 heard
 Without respect and faith.

MELINTUS.

I'm much oblig'd
 Unto thee for this noble character
 Thou giv'st me; in despite of all my care
 And cunning thou art come without my com-
 To see thy lovely Mistress. (pany)

CLIDAMANT.

I came here
 To meet another person: for my Mistress,
 I have already spoken with her fully.

MELINTUS.

Yes, if mine eyes deceiv'd me not, thou talk'd'st
 Unto *Diana*, and seeing me follow,
 Ye both fled at one time, these Woods conceal'd

CLIDAMANT.

Good Gods! what saiest thou to me?

MELINTUS.

But I'll be
 More wise another time, and heed you better.

CLIDAMANT.

I understand not what this language means,
 But this distrust doth me an injury:

Why

Why covet'st thou t' accompany me thus,
 Since th' object that expecteth me, forbids it;
 Desirest thou to publish secret passions?
Ismenia in thy sight gave me those Tables;
 'Tis she that doth expect me at the place
 Appointed; for *Diana*, she knows nothing
 Of this invention: if thou canst, injoy
 That lovely Shepherdes and think not me
 Guilty of any treason, I seek only
Ismenia, and shun society:
 In this affair, Shepherd retire thy self
 And leave my love in peace, why wouldst thou do
 So ill an office? (me

MELINTUS.

This appointed meeting
 Denotes some artifice; I observ'd lately
 At our last Games the amorous commerce
 That pass'd between *Diana* and thy self,
 So many kind respects, such gentle glances,
 And private whisperings forming the suspicion
 That still awakes me.

CLIDAMANT.

Cease to trouble me,
 And thy self too unnecessarily;
 Our discourse only was an effect of
 Civility; I say again, I leave
Diana to thee; oh how perfectly
 I hate those vain suspicions and condemn them!

MELINTUS.

Ismenia's very free she would have had
 Boldness enough to express her love by day,
 Why should she make choice of the night to
 speak it?
 Why dar'd she not to utter it in words,
 But writ it to thee?

C 6

CLIDA-

CLIDAMANT.

In vain jealous Shepherd,
 Thou askest me that question, all that I
 Can say unto thee, is that I am sent for;
 I cannot tell thee more if the occasion
 Be good or bad; if J could satisfie thee
 Upon that point, believ't thou should'st excuse
 me.

MELINTUS.

I'll follow thee where ere thou goest.

CLIDAMANT.

Oh Gods!

What a Tormentor have I?

MELINTUS.

I attend thee,

CLIDAMANT.

Then stay thou here, I'll leave the place unto
 thee.

I feign to withdraw, to withdraw him also. *Softly.*
Exit.

MELINTUS.

What! leav'st thou me alone? and cunningly
 Hid'st me those secrets, which yet I must know:
 Feign as much as thou wilt, in spite of thee
 I will find out to which of those two objects
 Thou giv'st thy faith, and dost direct thy vows,
 I'll be a witness of thy secret love;
 Another shall inform me on't, *Thimantes*
 Will tell me all the Plot; to him I'll go,
 And give him notice of the assignation;
 He'll come to let me know sure, if *Diana*
 Appeareth there; or if it be *Ismenia*,
 J shall do him a mischief; when *Thimantes*
 Shall see his Mistress appoint secret meetings
 To others then himself at such an hour,

He hath a poor spirit if he loves her still :
 So shall I have pleasure in my resentment
 In weakning the fierceness of *Ismenia*,
 And of her servant, I'l to him immediately.

SCENA V.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA.

PARTHENIA, *upon the terrass.*I Hear a noise, *Ismenia*, is't not *Clidamant*?

ISMENIA.

Fear not, we shall hear of him presently.

PARTHENIA.

I hear no more noise, all is husht and still;
 Only the night, and silence raigneth here.

ISMENIA.

Hark, I hear something, let us handsomly
 Dissemble now.

PARTHENIA.

Oh how I feel my soul
 Seised with love and fear !

SCENA VI.

CLIDAMANT, ISMENIA, PARTHENIA.

CLIDAMANT.

NO person follows me,
 I am at liberty; jealous *Melintas*
 Haunteth my steps no more.

ISMENIA.

Madam, 'tis he.

CLIDA-

CLIDAMANT,

Well I'll go on to instruct me what *Ismenia*
Hath to impart unto me in these Gardens:
Ismenia!

ISMENIA,

Clidamant.

CLIDAMANT.

Is it thee, *Ismenia*?

ISMENIA.

Yes, I expect thee.

CLIDAMANT.

Thou may'st have pretence
T'accuse my tardy coming, but a jealous-----

ISMENIA.

It is enough, thou art belov'd, assure thee;
Draw neer; but let us speak soft, I'm afraid
We should be heard.-----

*Put yourself in my place and
take this opportunity.* } softly.

SCENA VII.

THIMANTES, CLIDAMANT, PARTHE-
NIA, ISMENIA.

THIMANTES.

*Speaking to Melintus
behind the Stage.*

I Am oblig'd to thee for this advertisement;
If I find at the Eccho either of them,
Diana or *Ismenia*, believe me,
I'll faithfully report it, to remove
Thy trouble, if I can: *Ismenia*
Appoints me very often here to meet her,
Where, notwithstanding her inconstancy,
Her mouth in secret giveth me the hope
Of a most constant love, and for a pledge

Of

Of her faith, never any but my self
 At those hours entertains discourse with her :
 I'l to her now, and charge her with this crime
 Of comming here without acquainting me.
 I'l approach softly without making noise
 Left it wight raise a scandal in the night;
Ismenia,

CLIDAMANT. *quitting Parth.*
 some noise hath struck mine ear,
 I'l return to you----- *Exit.*

PARTHENIA.
 O what feat is comparable
 To mine ! *Ismenia*, come to me presently.

CLIDAMANT, *speaking to Thimantes,*
whom he takes for Melintus.
Melintus, really I can no longer
 Suffer your importunity : why should you
 Imagine that J am the Author of
 Your tronble ? J speak to no person here
 But to the Shepheardests *Ismenia* ;
 J tell thee once again, she sent for me ,
 And J am certain that the note is written
 And signed with her hand ; 'tis true, this fair one
 Sighs only for the love of me, her mouth
 Hath told it me already, and I answer
 Unto her fires with a mutual heat ;
 Assure your self, and settle upon this
 My faithfull protestation, that *Diana*
 Ne'r made me sigh.

THIMANTES. *softly.*
 O most perfidious !

CLIDAMANT.
 See what an injury you do me now,
 To satisfie you yet more fully hold,
 There

There are the writing Tables, see her name:
Examin't well, and take repose at last
Without disturbing mine. D'ye place your glo-

ry
In persecuting me?

THIMANTES.

softly.

Shame of my love,
Depart my memory, I have wherewith
Both to reproach, and to convict thy falshood;
And when I've done it, treacherous spirit, I'll
quit thee,
And then J shall be satisfied.

CLIDAMANT.

Melinus,

What is't thou murmur'st yet? J must break
with thee,

If this strange humour lasts, in acting thus,
You will lose all your friends, your jealous head,
And strange fantastick humours,--but he's gone;
I will return unto the object which
Both charms and loves me.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

There's our discourse,
Make an end on't thy self.

CLIDAMANT.

I'm rid at last
Of my impertinent; jealous *Melinus*
Hath left me now.

ISMENIA.

Adieu, let us retire.
I'm certainly inform'd that thy ambition
Aspireth to *Parthenia*, in vain then
Thou holdest me discourse.

CLIDAMANT.

In two words J will tell thee, that J have

Too

LOVERS.

Too full a knowledge of the eminence
Of her condition, as to dare to lift
My hope so high: Oh if I durst to love her,
But being less ambitious, I obey
My duty, and J better know my self,
Adieu until to morrow.

PARTHENIA, to ISMENIA.

Oh *Ismenia*!

What content have J? and how skilfull art thou
In this affair of love? I do admire
Thy wit, and thy invention; the thing
Answered my wish.

ISMENIA.

By this discourse of his
You may perceive love under that respect,
Like fire under its ashes; 'tis not lately,
Your charms have taken him.

PARTHENIA.

In the mean time-----

ISMENIA.

In the mean time, live all fair wits, say J;
Without me, you had been reduc'd unto
A sad condition, to die with grief,
And love, without expressing it.

PARTHENIA.

'Tis late;

Come, in the absence of the day let's prove,
If sleep will follow on the steps of love.

The end of the Third Act.

THE ENCHANTED

ACTUS IV.

SCENA I.

THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

THIMANTES.

HOW! in the night, perfidious, to exasperate
My anger, dar'st thou to grant private meet-
ings

To any but my self? yea in the night
Without light and attendance in the Garden;
Thou entertain'dst the Shepheard *Clidamant*.

ISMENIA.

How's this? *Thimantes* in a rage, O Gods!
Who would have thought it?

THIMANTES.

Wilt thou say that J.

Complain now without reason, that J have
A crack'd brain, and bleer'd eyes? it is too long,
Inconstant, to arrest thy spirits, behold
This witness, it hath told me every thing;
Yet J should not believe that thou wert guilty,
If such an evidence accus'd thee not;
But since J dis-engage my faith to thee,
This very instant, J restore thy papers
And will have nothing more to do with thee.

ISMENIA.

Well, let it be so then, J doubt it not,
But J shall be provided in good time;
When one forsakes me, presently another
Offers his service, otherwise J should,
In this unlucky moment of thy change,
Be destitute of an officious Lover;
But thanks unto the Gods, more then one calls
me His

His Mistress, and J shall have no less courtship
And press for thy departure, these notes here
Express the names of those that I've subjected,
I'll blot thee presently out of my Table book.

THIMANTES.

Light Shepherdes !

ISMENIA.

For all this J am tronbled
For thy disquiet, without further jesting,
Know that this trouble which possesseth thee
Proceeds but from a fiction, speedily
I'll clear it to thee, only have but patience
To stay here till the Shepherd *Clidamant*
Arrives, before whom I have order to
Discover the deceit ; and then I know
Thou wilt excuse me for it, ----- here he comes.

SCENA II.

CLIDAMANT, ISMENIA, THIMANTES.

CLIDAMANT.

HAVE J not staid too long ? suspect me not,
Thimantes, J was sent for : well what is
Your pleasure ?

ISMENIA.

Thy misfortune is extream
Thimantes cannot suffer that another
Should love me, and one that accompt intends
To measure with thee sword and arm to day.

CLIDAMANT.

He is my friend, and therefore J am loath
To have a quarrel with him ; to accord it,
Chuse of us two him whom thou think'st most
faithfull.

J

I am content to stand unto my fortune.

ISMENIA.

Thimantes, what say you?

THIMANTES.

I agree to't.

ISMENIA, to CLIDAMANT.

Then thus; for him, I do confess I love him

A little, but for thee,-----nothing at all.

My mouth interprets truly what my heart
thinks

CLIDAMANT,

O the most fickle and most wanton issue

Of the inconstant sex! thou lov'st a mome[n] ,

I love a moment also.

ISMENIA.

Notwithstanding

I have a secret to impart unto thee.

CLIDAMANT.

A Secret in thy heart loseth its name

In less time than a minute, without doubt:

ISMENIA.

Thou thought'st last night, that I discours'd with
thee

At th' Eccho of the Garden?

CLIDAMANT.

Yes,

ISMENIA.

But what

If thou wert then deceiv'd, and that another

In my place counterfeited there my voice?

CLIDAMANT.

What hast thou told me?

ISMENIA.

That which may be true,

CLIDAMANT.

I cannot comprehend it, nor find thee;
 Thou dost do nothing but deceive at all times,
 And in all places; thou canst turn thy heart
 And eyes into all senses; how! another
 Possess my place?

ISMENIA.

What if by this advise
 I gained thee the heart of a fair Mistress,
 One that's illustrious, and of noble blood,
 And who after the Nymph hath the chief rank!

CLIDAMANT.

Well feign thy fill, thou may'st speak what thou
 list;

I'm henceforth in no humour but to laugh.

ISMENIA.

If by the greatest oaths wherein my honour
 Can be engag'd, thou wilt believe the truth
 Of what I told thee, that another person
 Beside my self receiv'd thy vows last night
 I hope thou wilt find out some fitter Epithits
 Then false and wavering for me.

CLIDAMANT.

After such
 An obligation, my charity
 Would sway me much.

ISMENIA.

Then solemnly I swear,
 It was *Parthenia* in my place, to whom
 Thou didst express thy love; she borrowed
 My name and shape, and thine eyes suffered
 This sweet imposture.

CLIDAMANT.

Still thou dost abuse me,
 I knew thee by thy voice.

ISMENIA.

THE ENCHANTED
ISMENIA.

When we spake loud,
'T was *I* that spake; then presently *Parthenia*
Advancing in my place discovered softly
Her soul and thought unto thee: after this,
Indge, if *I* have deserv'd from thee, or no.

CLIDAMANT.

How! is it possible that she, to whose
High rank, *I* should not dare t' aspire unto
So much as in a thought, that she to whom
I durst not speak a word in way of plaint,
That she, to whom my high respect conceal'd
My amity, should yet feel pitty for me?
Alas! this cannot be, 'tis sin to think it.

ISMENIA.

Thou shalt see if *I* lie, and how sh' esteems
thee;
I wait her here.

CLIDAMANT.

Therein *I* should obtain
The hight of my ambition; for this favour,
Oh let me kiss thy hands and die with pleasure.

SCENA III.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA, CLIDAMANTES,
THIMANTES.

PARTHENIA.

What spectacle is this? *I* see *Ismenia*
Sports with my fortune, if *I* trouble you,
I will retire, continue that rare favour;
Who freely gives the hands, may give the heart.

ISMENIA.

LOVERS.

71

ISMENIA.

Ha! Madam, really you are a novice
In love; I gave him intimation of
The arri- fice we us'd, and he at first
Received my discourse with so much joy,
That he crav'd from me that civility.
Unto what jealous strange suspicions
Are you drawn by this object! he but aim'd
To kiss my hand, and you are like to die for't?
Trouble your self no more thus to no purpose.

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia thou restor'st me life, and rest,
I love thee, *Clidamant*; this jealous fit,
Methinks, might well have spared me the shame
Of telling it.

CLIDAMANT.

Fair Nymph, believe-----

PARTHENIA.

But let us

Enter into this Wood.

CLIDAMANT.

I wish the Eccho,
Sometimes a friend to Lovers, would redouble
My voice in saying to you that I love,
And make you to repeat my words, I love.

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, be a faithful witness of
Our chaste amours, and come along with us
To hear what we discourse, *Thimantes* be
Discreet and secret.

THIMANTES.

Madam, I'm all silence.

See, what a strange unnecessary evil
Is that a jealous person doth sustain;
Foolish *Melintus* how thou art deceiv'd

In

In thinking that *Diana* is the object
Of *Clidamant*'s affection-----here she comes
Discoursing with her brother, J will leave them.

SCENA IV.

DIANA, THERSANDER.

DIANA.

Let us consider what we are to do, I
She loves thee infinitely, and J have
Command from her to speak to thee again,
In her behalf.

THERSANDER.

Advise me what to do.

DIANA.

Since the Nymph loves thee with such passion,
As I perceive she doth, 'tis fit thou flatter
Her grief a little, otherwise I fear
That I shall lose thee after having found thee.
What mischief can she not do, when provoked?

THERSANDER.

Since there needs but to feign all will succeed.

DIANA.

In the mean time, *Ismenia* will be carefull
To inquire for us, when the Merchant-ship
That's bound for *Sevill* will be fully ready
To set sail from the harbour; we shall hire him
To land us where we will; till when, our care
Must be not to offend the Nymph, for fear
She ruine us; she'll presently be here.
She's come already; act the Lover well,
Dissemble handsomly, therein consists
All that we can expect.

SCENA

SCENA V.

MELISSA, DIANA, THERSANDER.

MELISSA.

A Word, *Diana*.

Hast thou remov'd that fatal obstacle,
 Which came to interrupt the pleasant course
 Of my affections? hast thou settled
 My lifes content, and razed *Celia*
 Out of thy Brothers spirit?

DIANA.

His heart follows

Where my voice and his glory calleth him,
 And cheerfully yieldeth obedience
 To such sweet Laws.

MELISSA.

Blessed Interpreter

Of a most ardent love! hast thou advis'd him
 To keep it secret?

DIANA.

Only that point, Madam,

I have forgotten, but I will redeem it;
 And tell him on't before you; if you please
 That I go for him.

MELISSA.

Go, and bring him hither.

DIANA.

Feign handsomly unto her

softly.

THERSANDER.

softly to Diana.

Fear it not.

I'll speak before her but of you, and to you,
 And yet not make her jealous.

D

Then

*Then he saith to Melissa, by whose side
is Diana, whom he looks upon.*

T H E R S A N D E R.

aloud,

Could you doubt
My heart should be so stupid, and insensible
Of my felicity how happy is
My fortune, and how gentle was the storm
That gave me this blest'd port, whereof great
Kings

Are jealous? What proud Conqueror would not
Submit and lay his arms down with himself
At the fair feet of such a charming object?
A rude obdurate rock, would be consum'd,
The coldest Marble would be kindled by it:
Yes, Madam, a fair eye but openeth
Its lid here, & 'tis day; the nights black shadow
Fly only from the Sun of those bright eyes,
Her fires too at the sight of them grow pale.
I must confess then, Madam, that I love them,
And that I live more in this beauteous object
Than in my self: my spirit is charmed with,
A happiness unparallel'd, when I
Think that I love them, and am lov'd again.

M E L I S S A.

Come, thou but feignest love? do not abuse me.

T H E R S A N D E R.

O Gods! what do you say? Madam, I love
Or rather I adore.

M E L I S S A.

How hast thou then
Dispos'd of *Celia* that reign'd o'r thy heart?

T H E R S A N D E R.

That affair's ordered well, I've put her interests
Into my Sisters hands; sh'ath promis'd me

To

Take

To make all fair of that side, and will answer
To me for her.

MELISSA.

Hast thou not boasted to me
That her eyes were the object of thy love?
That for thy sake she cherished the light
Of the alternate day, and that they would
Cover themselves with an eternal night,
If thou shouldst cease to live or to be faithfull:
Think well of thy part what th'ast promised;
Be firm, be constant, fail not in that point,
Consider not at all this supream greatness;
Stick to thine object, love it for it self,
And have no interest for thy ambition,
Flatter thee with the honour to possess her,
Look only if she loves thee, not if she
Enricheth thee; the beauty whom thou serv'st,
Should be thy crown, all greatness whatsoever
Should be esteem'd in thy accompt beneath it.

THERSANDER.

Ne'r doubt it, Madam, J shall have those
thoughts;
Greatness shall never blind me so far forth
As to oblige me to forget my love;
Which alwaies shall pure as the day star burn
Base interest shall never sully me.

DIANA.

I'll tell my Brother now, what I forgate

To THERSANDER.

If thou know'st well to love, know thou as wel
To hold thy peace, love like the other Gods,
Is not without his secrets, he is serv'd
Sometimes by hearts that can't express them-
selves:

Take heed how thou provoke his jealous power,

D 2

Adore

Adore his Altars, but adore in silence;
 For silence is a part of his Religion;
 And oftentimes this fierce God is offended
 At his own name; if any thing hereof
 Should be known in the Isle, thou art undone:
 Love, without speaking of it, that's the law,
 Which is imposed on thee; she for her part
 Will love thee likewise, use the secret well,
Melissa otherwise would die with grief;
 I know th' excess of love wherewith thy soul
 Is filled; but for thy own interest,
 Put a seal on thy mouth.

MELISSA.

Yes, have a care
 That none suspect our love, I'll take my time
 To publish it, in the mean time I'll study
 Thy settlement and thy repose which makes
 That of my life; this free confession now,
 Would call up envy from her Cell, and make
 Our greatest *Hero's*, to dispute with thee
 What I have promis'd thee, thine enemies.
 Judge then how precious thy obedience is;
 Since all thy good and happiness depends
 Upon thy silence.

HERSAMDER.

Sure, I should be stricken
 With a strange blindness, if I observ'd not
 This your command; I will obey so well,
 That, Madam, even you your self shal doubt
 Whether I love, or whether you I love.

MELISSA.

In the mean time thy sister shall assist me,
 And have the ordering of our Amours;
 Believe what she shall say, since I will make her
 My only bosom friend, unto whose trust,

J will commit the secrets of my heart.

THERSANDER.

J will make use of her in the same manner.

Enter Melintus, he speaks to Melissa

MELINTUS.

Madam, a Jeweller, that useth still.

To come unto the Games, desires accessse
Unto your presence.

MELISSA.

Cause him to come in:

This *Sevil* Merchant cometh every year
To sell and traffick in the Island with us.

SCENA VI.

MELISSA, MERCATOR, THERSANDER,
DIANA, MELINTUS.

MELISSA.

S Hall you remain sometime yet on our shore?

MERCATOR.

I stay but for your Passport to depart.

Every year, Madam, by your Highness bounty
My traffick thrives so well, that whatsoever
Commodities I bring unto your Isle,
J carry nothing back, you empty still
My casket: now I'll shew you, if you please,
such rarities, as can be had no where
But in my hands.

MELISSA.

Let's see them.

MERCATOR.

Here's a Diamond
Darts flame of all sides.

C 3

MELISSA

MELISSA.

'Tis a sparkling stone
I like his lustre.

MERCATOR.

Will you have it, Madam?

MELISSA.

I'll tell you presently, shew all at once,
Then I shall soon chuse : let me see that Coral.

MERCATOR.

The piece is very fair ; till now your Isle
Hath never seen the like.

MELISSA.

And what's that other ?

MERCATOR.

A piece of Amber-greece ; Madam, 'tis rare
And of great price ; I have pass'd divers Seas
To purchase it ; alone 'tis worth as much
As all my casket.

DIANA.

For my part, J cannot
See any thing that's new here.

MERCATOR.

Shepherdesse,
This rope of Pearl is very rich and new,
'T would make you look more fair, more gay,
more sparkling.

MELISSA.

Without those Ornaments of Art, she is (ons.
Charming enough, she needs no strange additi-
She maketh all our Shepherds die for love :
But for all this, though you are fair without them
I will bestow them on you, if you like them.
What saies *Diana*.

DIANA.

Madam, your great bounties-----

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Lay them aside.

MERCATOR.

Put, Madam, look upon
This Master-piece of Art, it is the Portrait
In little of the King of *Andaloufia*.

MELISSA.

He's one of the best made that I have seen.
And who is this?

MERCATOR.

It is his favourite
Nearchus sometime Prince of *Pichery*,
Who by a beauty fatal through her charms,
Gave up his arms, and life unto his Rival,
A gallant Gentleman, his name *Cleagenor*.

THERSANDER, *the first line softly.*
May I believe! good Gods! how he observes me?
But are you certain of *Nearchus* death?

MERCATOR.

He return'd sorely wounded from the fight,
And died four daies after, as all know.

MELISSA.

His valour seems yet painted in his face.

MERCATOR.

But he that conquer'd him had more by much.
Behold his Portrait.

THERSANDER.

softly

Oh! what sheweth he?

MELISSA.

Is this that valiant *Cleagenor*?

MERCATOR.

Yes, 'tis his picture.

THERSANDER.

softly,

O unlucky accident!

MERCATOR.

Of all those that J had, this only 's left me :
 Th' offended King commanded me to carry them
 Unto all places where J went, and traffick'd,
 That so he might be known, and then arrested;
 For after this great Combat, to secure
 His head from pursuit, he took flight immedi-
 ately.

MELISSA.

Thersander, in my judgement, nothing can
 Better resemble you, J think your sister
 Will say as much.

THERSANDER.

Madam, we see that Nature (features)
 Sports sometimes in her works, and makes some
 In faces to resemble somewhat neerly.

MELISSA.

This Merchant,, I believe, 's of my opinion.

MERCATOR.

Madam, without doubt, 'tis *Cleagenor*,

THERSANDER.

The thing is little certain on the faith
 And bare ground of a Portrait.

MERCATOR.

Sir, you are

The very same, I am confirmed now
 In my first thoughts, all that which hitherto
 Hindered me to judge so, was the name of
Thersander, and the habit of a Shepherd.

THERSANDER.

Who ! J, *Cleagenor* ?

MERCATOR.

Yes, Sir, J saw you
 The last yeer in the fortunate Islands, and
 Not above four moneths since in *Portugal* ;

Sevil's

Scyll's your native Country; since you meet here
Your safety, to what purpose should you cover
Those things with silence?

MELISSA.

Sure, you need not blush,
Thersander, at this fair acknowledgement.

THERSANDER.

I confess, Madam, that I blush a little,
Not that mine arm hath not done all that which
It ought to do in the death of my Rival,
Nearchus was too rash, and insolent;
From the fair and unspotted object which
Made my most chaste desires, he in his thoughts
Formed the object of his filthy pleasures;
But he hath paid for't, and his death is just:
Only the thing that troubles and afflicts me,
And for which I am sorry at my heart,
Is that I told you nothing of my secret.

MELISSA.

I guess the cause of it, and know your thought.
And what fear troubled it, and that you chose
Another name only to free you from
The penalty o'th' Law; but fear not any thing;
I'll oppose power to power for your defence;
Your interests are mine, I'll make your peace;
The King of *Andalusia* shall be weary
Of persecuting you; if he persist
To trouble your repose, I'll invade his:
If he refuse to grant what we demand,
From our request we will proceed to arms.

THERSANDER.

What obligation have you upon me
For all your goodness?

MELISSA.

But let's make an end

Of seeing all the rarities.

MERCATOR.

Behold

With admiration, Madam, this rare piece,
It is *Diana's* Picture.

MELISSA.

How *Diana's*?

DIANA.

sistly.

O sad misfortune!

MERCATOR.

It is the Divinity,
Whose Temple's here, the Goddess of this place.

DIANA.

sistly,

I cease to tremble, all is well again.

MELISSA.

What Portrait's this?

MERCATOR.

It is a Beauties, Madam, (vers,
Whose heavenly graces made two desperate Lo-
That fight for her, arm for the field, and fight;
It is that fair ones whom I told you of
For whom *Cleagenor* and *Nearchus* burn'd,
And who pursued hotly by two Rivals,
Cost the one flight, and life unto the other.
After *Nearchus* death, I bought his Portraits:
This that he had without doubt's to the life.
But who can better then *Cleagenor*
Instruct you in this point?

MELISSA, to THERSANDER.

D' ye know this piece?

THERSANDER.

I know not what to say on't.

MELISSA.

I observe

Much of thy sisters air in't.

DIA-

LOVERS.

31

DIANA.

O ye Gods!

Turn aside this misfortune.

MELISSA.

Really

The glass, *Diana*, which receives thy image,
Represents less thy shape and countenance;

And any other but the Painter would

Believe indeed that he finish'd this Portrait

Upon thy presence.

MERCATOR.

There's no doubt of it.

One may admire in this adventure how

Art imitateth nature: It is she

For whom *Nearchus* sigh'd.

THERSANDER.

softly.

O Gods! where are we?

Our fortunes now are desperate.

DIANA.

Know'st thou me?

MERCATOR.

I am of the same Town, and therefore know you;

Your mother is *Melora*, and she dwells

At *Sevil*; I shall make her a glad woman

At my return, to tell her that her *Celia*

Lives yet, and is in health here in this Island.

MELISSA.

How! *Celia*?

MERCATOR.

Yes, Madam, that is her name,

DIANA.

What cloud of error blindeth thy soul thus?

That *Celia* whom thou mean'st, and dost discourse
of,

Died before *Nearchus*.

D 6

M E R -

THE ENCHANTED
MERCATOR.

It was believ'd so.

At first ; but since, all *Sevil* knows the contrary,
And that false death is now no more a mystery
Unto me ; J know where the mourning went,
And how a Coffin only was interr'd
Instead of you, that this apparent sign
Of your death only could secure you from
Nearchus ill designs ; I know besides
That you betook your self unto the Sea ,
Where you fight not, but for *Cleagenor* ;
The Sea prov'd false to you, and to your mother,
And separated you one from another
By the assistance of a hideous storm :
She having sav'd her self upon a plank
Sought you from one end of the World to th'o-
ther ;

But hearing no news of you, she believ'd
At her return to *Sevil* that the Sea
Had swallowed you, and death had made her
Unprofitable. (search

DIANA.

Thou knowest secrets which
To me are Riddles.

MERCATOR.

Wherefore should you, Lady,
Dissemble thus your knowledge of a thing
Which is no more conceal'd ; one of your people
A complice of the Plot, divulg'd it lately ;
Melora too since her return reveal'd
The whole Imposture, all impediment
Being remov'd after *Nearchus* death :
This that I know, I understood from her.

THERSANDER.

All this thou saiest, is strange news unto us.

MER.

MERCATOR.

You have the art, I see, well to dissemble;
But by your favour might it not be you
That did imploy a friend unto me lately
To pray me to receive into my bark
Two Shepheards, natives of the Town of *Sevil*?

THERSANDER.

Madam, this Merchant doth compose Romants.
And tells you all these strange adventures only,
To shew his wit, and faculty that way.

MELISSA.

Yet his discourse is not without some ground,
I find good reason so to judge of it;
If I remember well, you willingly
Did put the interest of *Celia*
Into your sisters hands, she promised
To make all fair of that side, and to answer
To you for her: Merchant, another time
See us again. How both of you abuse me
With an Imposture form'd under false names
To carry on your love in a disguise!
What in my Palace, in my Court, my presence,
Sport with my person thus in a contempt!
Insolent wretches, you shall feel what force
My anger hath when thus provok'd, I'll make

THERSANDER.

(you---

Oh, Madam!

MELISSA.

Go, Impostor, thou shalt answer
For all the troubles of my heart; none ever
Affronted me yet without punishment:
I'll sacrifice you both to my disgrace,
In such a manner, that ye shall repent
Eternally that e'r ye made me blush:
Depart my sight.

THER-

THERSANDER.

O what misfortune's this !

MELISSA, to MELINTUS.

See that you separate them one from another
In several apartments, that they may
Hold no discourse together. O misfortune
Not to be parallell'd ! What shall I do ?
Of whom should I take counsel in this case ?
Shall I hear yet my love that murmureth ?
Ought I to suffer, or repel the injury ?
It is resolv'd in my offended heart
That those black Passions shal succeed my love,
By which the soul when in disorder, bteaks
The chain wherewith she's ti'd, break forth my
fury,

And ruine these ingratefull they shal know
My power, as they have seen my goodness to the:
They shall not mock at my simplicity,
Nor reproach me for my credulity:
How ! treacherous *Thersander*; oh ! that name
Thersander combats yet within my heart,
In its defence, my spirits at this name
Are wavering, and my anger's weak, my hate
Is in suspense ; I am not pleas'd with that
Which I demand ; I fear what J would most.
Ha traitor, must J to torment my self
Suspend my judgement upon thy destruction ?
Must J dispute the case within my self
As doubtfull to determine, no pass sentence
Against him for this barbarous affront :
Arm my despair, and inspire thou my rage :
And let me see how faithfully my Art
Will serve my vengeance in the punishment
Of these ingratefull Lovers, I intend not
To give a sudden death to either of them,

But

But they shall suffer that which shall be worse:
By the effect, and strange force of my charms,
They shall have, without dying, every day
A thousand deaths; I will continually
By turns afflict the sad eyes of the Lover,
And of his Mistress: both of them shall see,
That they may suffer equally, each other
To die and to revive, this punishment
Is strange and cruell; but 'tis that I use
In my revenges; come, why loiter we
In our design? my heart like flint shall be
Insensible of their calamity.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACTUS V.

SCENA I.

CLIDAMANT, PARTHENIA.

CLIDAMANT.

MIne eyes and ears ne'r saw, nor heard the like
 The miserable cryes of those poor Lovers
 Fill all these places with astonishment.
Thersander and *Diana* are so chang'd,
 I could scarce know them, as I now came from
 them :

Pale death by turns skipping from face to
 face,

Can't make them yet to dye unto their love :
 But, Madam, is it true what's publish'd here
 Among the people, that those strange inchant-
 Come from *Melissa* ? (ments

PARTHENIA.

Yes, they are the works (yet
 Of her Art, without doubtr, she could do more
 Nothing's too hard for her, the destiny
 Of mortals seems to be held in her hands,
 And as she pleaseth, she disposeth it.
 What can she not do, when she is in choler ?
 The miserable *Thirsis* feels th'effect,
 And rigour of her power by sad experience.
 Hath not fame yet inform'd you with his suf-

CLIDAMANT. (ferings?)

Yes, Madam, J have heard them fully spoken.

PARTHENIA.

You know then that be lov'd *Roselia*,

And

And so deceiv'd the expectation,
 And desire of the Nymph who hitherto
 Design'd him for my husband, and knows not
 That *I* have love for you; to her commands
 This Shepherd was *Rebellious*: what did she?
Roselia was fair, she became sick;
 She wept, she pined, she complain'd; the brightness
 Of her fair eyes, extinguish'd in a moment:
 The whiteness of her Lillies as soon faded;
 And of so many beauties there remain'd
 Only the place, where sometime their seat was.
 Her Lover that perceiv'd her taken from him,
 Seeks her in every place, but cannot find her:
 That was a Master-piece of her Apprentiship;
 But this without doubt is another work
 Of higher knowledge; if in her resentment
 But for my interest she made poor *Thirsis*
 A miserable Lover, judge how far
 She may be carried, mov'd at her offence,
 In her revenge for her own interest.

CLIDAMANT.

If the Nymph knew the love *I* have for you,
I could expect no other usage from her;
 She would without doubt cause me to be carried
 unto some fearfull Island where *I* should
 Be rendered miserable all my days:
 But let her art do what it can against me
 Employed by her hate, it shall work nothing
 Upon my faith, to do it prejudice:
 Oh! could *I* flatter me with the same hope,
 That you would have like constancy for me!

PARTHENIA.

You need not doubt of it, *I*'m wholly yours,
 My love is strong, and little fears her anger;
I'll keep it still sincere and firm unto you:

And

And you shall find me constant unto death;
Should she destroy me with her power, & kill me
I'll rather dye my self, then my affection.
My life can't pay the debt I owe unto you.

SCENA II.

ISMENIA, THIMANTES, PARTHENIA,
CLIDAMANT.

ISMENIA.

What strange news do we hear? Is it true,
Madam,
That by th' effects of fortune and enchantment,
Thesander and *Diana* dyed by turns,
And live again to wail their miseries?

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, tis too true, they are enchanted.

THIMANTES.

If I durst speak my thoughts, & what I've heard,
They impute this injustice to the Nymph.

PARTHENIA.

It is not to be doubted but she is
The Author of it, and this cruel punishment
Denoteth that she studies high revenge,
When she's offended.

CLIDAMANT.

What so'er her power be
Which causeth fear, let us go presently
With our complaint unto her: in my judgement,
This is no way to make herself obey'd:
Fear is the parent not of love, but hate.
And that same fatal art which her revenge

Calls

me Calls to her aid, establisheth her crime,
And not her power. But here J see she comes.

SCENA III.

MELISSA, MELINTUS, CLIDAMANT, PAR-
THENIA, THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

MELISSA to MELINTUS.

W Hat doth this stroak surprize thee?

MELINTUS.

Truly, Madam,

Their punishment's too great, and all the Island
Murmureth at it.

MELISSA.

Shepherds, what say you?

Can J revenge me of an injury?

CLIDAMANT.

Yes, Madam, and th' estate wheriny've put them
Hath made all those their friends that envi'd
them.

Hear our petitions for them, and be pleas'd
To do them justice: what have they committed
Worthy of such a punishment? for having
Hid their love from you, lived in your Court
Under the name of brother, and of sister,
Deceiv'd the hope and envy of their Rivals,
Conserv'd their honour, and, perhaps, their life,
Is this so great a crime, as should be punish'd
By charmes which have no end? must they be
made

To dye, and to revive continually

By turns, and by a strange unworthy fate

The

And you shall find me constant unto death:
Should she destroy me with her power, & kill me
I'll rather dye myself, then my affection.
My life can't pay the debt I owe unto you.

SCENA II.

ISMENIA, THIMANTES, PARTHENIA,
CLIDAMANT.

ISMENIA.

WHat strange news do we hear? Is it true,
Madam,
That by th' effects of fortune and enchantment,
Thesander and *Diana* dye by turns,
And live again to wail their miseries?

PARTHENIA.

Ismenia, tis too true, they are enchanted.

THIMANTES.

If I durst speak my thoughts, & what I've heard,
They impute this injustice to the Nymph.

PARTHENIA.

It is not to be doubted but she is
The Author of it, and this cruel punishment
Denoteth that she studies high revenge,
When she's offended.

CLIDAMANT.

Whatso'er her power be
Which causeth fear, let us go presently
With our complaint unto her: in my judgement,
This is no way to make herself obey'd:
Fear is the parent not of love, but hate.
And that same fatal art which her revenge

Calls

Calls to her aid, establisheth her crime,
And not her power. But here J see she comes.

SCENA III.

MELISSA, MELINTUS, CLIDAMANT, PAR-
THENIA, THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

MELISSA to MELINTUS.

What doth this stroak surprize thee?

MELINTUS.

Truly, Madam,
Their punishment's too great, and all the Island
Murmureth at it.

MELISSA.

Shepherds, what say you?
Can J revenge me of an injury?

CLIDAMANT.

Yes, Madam, and th' estate wheriny' ave put them
Hath made all those their friends that envi'd
them.

Hear our petitions for them, and be pleas'd
To do them justice: what have they committed
Worthy of such a punishment? for having
Hid their love from you, lived in your Court
Under the name of brother, and of sister,
Deceiv'd the hope and envy of their Rivals,
Conserv'd their honour, and, perhaps, their life,
Is this so great a crime, as should be punish'd
By charmes which have no end? must they be
made

To dye, and to revive continually
By turns, and by a strange unworthy fate

The

The living be inforc'd successively
 Still to lament the dead? their pittyous cries,
 And hideous clamours give both souls & mouths
 Unto those rocks to join in plaints with me:
 The whole Isle's moved with them, and disturb'd

P A R T H E N I A.

Madam, I join in this petition,
 Vouchsafe to hear me: O forbear to dart
 Thunder and wrath upon this happy place,
 Where the Gods liberally pour upon mortals
 So many and so great felicities:
 Begin not to disturb the sweet repose
 Of an abode that's favoured by Heaven,
 To please those Shepherds, whose devotions
 May fix upon some other Sanctuary
 More safe, and other Sovereigns more sweet.

T H I M A N T E S.

Yes, Madam, stop the mouth of this sad murmur,
 Let it be smother'd, this enchantment hath
 Continued too long, break, break the charm,
 And pacifie our spirits immediately,
 Which are astonished at this proceeding.

I S M E N I A.

If in the freedom which I use too frequently,
 My mouth might dare to speak, and not dis-
 please you,
 I should then tell you that this rigid course
 You take, would leave you here nor Shephear-
 des
 Nor Shepherds; they would seek this place
 no more
 For their retrait and sanctuary, but shun it
 Like a destroying rock; and this fair Island
 The glory of the world, would be a wilderness:
 To enjoy subjects, rule your passions better,
 And be more sovereign over your self. ME-

MELISSA.

Shepherds, and Shepheardesses, your discourses
 Astonish and surprize me, know, my Art,
 Is a sufficient warrant for my actions ;
 I could do greater yet, and stranger too :
 Though this which you have seen seemeth unjust
 Unto you, have you any right, or priviledge
 To complain to me, and to murmur thus ?
 Much less to reprehend, and censure me ?
 How! should the bold Shepheard *Thersander* dare
 To injure me, and to deride my power ?
 Should he presume to lay aside his duty
 And respect for me, and I wink at it,
 That so can punish such an insolence ?
 Presume it not, the blood of *Zoroastres*
 Is not yet born under so ill a star,
 I know its influence better, and can use it
 To the destruction of those that wrong me :
 Yes, Shepherds, *I* am skilful in the qualities
 Of herbs and roots, and as *I* have occasion
 I chuse them, some for poyson, some for medi-
 When *I* wil, I prescribe some to confound (cine:
 The memorie, and to distract the spirit ;
 But those obnoxious weeds I never use
 But for their punishment that do offend me ;
 Have I not reason to maintain my rank
 In dignity and honour ? those that dare
 To brave me, without doubt, hazard themselves :
 My scepter's guarded with enwreathed serpents,
 Whose fearful aspects bid all keep aloof, (it:
 And threaten death to those that dare to touch
Thirsis hath felt their stings : vvhat reason had he
 To be an enemy to his ovvn fortune
 And interest, in foelishly refusing
 The honour of the name to be my Nephew :

I will advance him, and expect that he
 Shall yet accept this honourable title
 Of Husband to my Niece; *Parthenia*,
 Your colour changes, but in vain you hide
 Your thoughts from me, I can discover them,
 I know that you love *Clidamant*, and more
 What you design, and what you do discourse;
 But understand both one and t'other of you,
 That I must be obey'd in what I will;
 My power can force it; take heed ye provoke not
 My anger; if J, may not be belov'd,
 J will be fear'd.

PARTHENIA.

Madam-----

MELISSA.

It is enough,
 You know my prohibition.

CLIDAMANT,

I hope
 To bend her, but at present let's say nothing.

THIMANTES.

We all know your high rank and quality
 With reverence and respect, so in that notion
 We imploy but our prayers to perswade you;
 They are our onely arms, be touched with them,
 And dissipate these charms: *Thersander* now
 Begins t'awake out of his fatal fit;
 You'l hear his plaints and clamours presently,
 His cries and his despair for his dear Mistress
 This is the hour, wherein he is tormented:
 This object without doubt before your eyes
 Will raise up pitty, Madam, in your heart:
 His sighs will quench your anger, and prevail
 Much more then we; see he begins to move:
 Madam, you will be touch'd, to hear him speak.

Scena

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, MELISSA, ISMENIA,
PARTHENIA, CLIDAMANT,
THIMANTES.

THERSANDER *by DIANA's body.*

O Lamentable object! why mine eyes
Were ye not cover'd with eternal darkness,
That J might not have seen this fatal spectacle?
Oh! what cause have I to complain of fortune,
That my sleep is not the last sleep of death?
In the night of the Grave I should take rest,
And not be ty'd to die thus all my life,
I should be there but dust, and this sad sight
Should not have martyred my heart and eyes.
Yes, my dear Mistress, sometime my delight,
Thy sight is now my greatest punishment,
And in this sad estate wherein I see thee,
Thou which wert once my joy, art now my grief;
Thy body's but a trunk that gives me horror,
Thy head all over's smoaking with thy blood,
The graces lodge no more there, I see death
In every place, where I saw love before: (thee
How! dost thou live no more then? have I lost
As soon as found thee? hopes born and destroy'd
With an immortal love, fantosme of fortune
Which lasts good but a day, wealth too soon lost,
Brightness too soon put out, excessive joy,
To which so many plaints so soon succeed,
Why in that splendor wherewith all you flatter'd,
My name, did you promise so much unto me,
And give so little! Fair eyes, sometimes conquer-
Whole lights are shut up in eternal night (rous,

In

In spight of all my prayers, call me not
 From death unto the light; is't possible
 That I can see here what *Diana* sees not?
 No, no, I live no more since she is dead;
 Yet my heart moves; but this last struggling is
 But a small spark that's left behind, and shines
 A little after death; 'tis but a vapour,
 An exaltation, a wind, a smoak,
 Last dying and last kindled; I am coming
 To join with thee, object of my desire,
 To give thee soul for soul, and sigh for sigh;
 Death is my aid, my hope is but in her;
 I will express that I am faithful to thee
 In that, not able to survive thy fate,
 I put my self into the arms of death.

CLIDAMANT.

Madam, you see how great his torment is,
 And whereunto your hatred hath reduc'd him;
 You see besides how far without proportion
 Of the crime to the punishment, the power
 Of your enchantment goes; these woods weep
 at it;
 And these rocks which before heard no complaints,
 Are pierc'd now with his cries, and become
 soft,
 And sensible, the Eccho likewise mourns,
 And should you onely, Madam, be without
 Compassion for him.

MELISSA.

Yes, without compassion;
 Since he took pleasure alwaies to displease me,
 I'll please my self by a most just return
 In my revenge, and never cease t'afflict him:
 No, think not that J will incline to pity.

I'm too much injur'd to be pacifi'd
 His sorrow makes my joy, and I am glad
 To see that by this famous punishment

I shall establish my authority.

THIMANTES.

Diana's turn is now ; see he revives
To weep her lover, and immediately
To follow him by the force of your Art:
Sad spectacle ? hearken unto her grief,
And ope your eyes, and heart to her complaints,

Diana upon Therсандers body.

D I A N A.

What, my dear Lover, art thou then but dust ?
Alas ! thy mouth wants speech, and thine eyes
- light.

But inspite of the plot which makes me sigh,
I have the happiness yet to lament thee :
Flow, flow, my tears, and pour upon this object
Torrents of flame, not water, there is nothing
So cold in the dark bosom of the Grave,
Which the fire of these Rivers cannot warm :
Yes, by my tears at last, my cries, my plaints,
Dear ashes, I will kindle you again,
Though cold now and extinguish'd like the
Phoenix

I'll raise you up again by force of sighs,
Which you shall Eccho to me.

THIMANTES.

Madam can you
Behold this sight, and not be moved at it ?

D I A N A.

Love, canst thou not answer to my desires ?
Thou art a miracle thy self, and therefore,
Methinks, should'st do one: art thou in the
world

E

No

No more a source of life ? oh canst thou not
 Restore my lover to me, from whose armes
 They 'ave ravish'd him; which of the Gods can
 call him

Back from the gates of death, if thou canst not;
 My dear *Cleagenor*, J pray thee, answer me
 By these my tender sighs, by *Celia's* name;
 How's this! I can pronounce thy name, and mine
 And yet, O Gods! thou answerest me nothing;
 I see, alas! thy mouth and eyes still shut:
 He's dead, and these names cannot touch him
 now.

Love, since thou hast no power to succour me
 In that point as to make him live, at least
 Make me to dye: I come, my faithful lover,
 It is impossible I should survive thee;
 I feel that my despair t'enjoy thee here
 Gives me to death; my heart hath lost the
 spirits

Which made it move, J scarce can utter
 more:

Happy thy *Celia*, if her death could give
 Thee life again, if thy sleep might have end
 By mine, and if I could with all my blood
 Redeem thine; J have done, my love is coming
 To meet thy flame, and I expire upon thee
 The rest of my sad soul.

CLIDAMANT.

What! is your heart
 Not touch'd yet with this object? are you still
 Insensible of so much grief as she
 Suffers by your means? oh! let pitty yet
 Disarm your anger, the Enchanted Lovers

Have

Have suffered enough Nymph, break the charm.

MELISSA.

Yes, I am touch'd at last, J must confess,
And really am sorry for the evil
Which they have drawn through their temerity
Upon themselves ; but though their grief appea-
seth

My anger now, the charm which I have made
J can't undo ; to tell you truly, Shepherds,
It is so strong that onely a Divinity
Can break the chance on't ; tis decree'd by fate
That it shall last yet longer, and J cannot
Prevent it, though it be my proper work.

THIMANTES.

How ! cannot you prevent it? heavenly Gods,
What saying's this ? no, no, you have not left
Your anger, but retain it still ; and willing
To punish them, and to revenge your wrong,
Will make of them a lasting spectacle
Unto the eyes of all ; and to excuse
Your self the better of this cruelty,
Would put it off to some Divinity ;
But the Gods by our prayers and tears appeas'd,
Inspight of your attempts, wil stop your charms:
Yes, Madam, the great Gods condemn your plots,
They are the Sovereigns, and absolute Masters
Of destiny, we hope all things from them,
And that they'l suffer crime no longer here
To raigin and tyranize. Thou Goddeis, which
Art in this place ador'd which holdest fate,
And fortune in thy hands, which hatest crime,
and whose cares keep the Shepherds that serve
thee

In

In this delightful Island, look upon
 The sad estate whereto love hath reduc'd
 Two miserable Lovers, whom the Nymph
 Pursues with horrid cruelty to death
 By fatal charmes, destroy the power of them,
 And render to this government again
 The liberty to love, and to declare it.

Thunder and lightning.

PARTHENIA.

Ha! what a sudden flash of lightning's this,
 That strikes mine eyes, and what a clap of thun-
 der

Shakes all this place?

ISMENIA.

With what a thick black cloud
 The Skie is cover'd?

MELISSA.

I believe Heaven trembles,
 And its Arch openeth; behold the Goddess
 Descends, and maketh sign, as if she'd speak:
 We must give audience.

Scena

SCENA Ultima.

The Goddesse DIANA.

DIANA.

Your prayers are heard, let nothing trouble
you,

Fair *Celia* and her Lover both shall live
And love for ever, their afflictions
Are ended, and I have dissolv'd the charm,
No accident shall henceforth trouble them.
They stir'd up pity in you, now they may
Make you to envy them; search all Records,
You'll find no subject equal to their love.

THERSANDER, to DIANA.

By what enchantment is thy life restor'd?

DIANA, to THERSANDER.

By what enchantment do'st thou live again?

The Goddesse continues.

I'll recompense their inexample virtues,
And pay the price of their affection;
To consummate their happy Nuptials,
I'll open my Temple, and assure you all
Of my protection. 'Tis my pleasure also
That the love of the shepherd *Clidamant*
Be at the same time crown'd with Hymen's honours,

And that he end his daies with sweet *Parthenia*,
That henceforth he command in the Isle with
her;

My justice hath made choice of them to reign.

The Nymph I do degrade, she is too criminal,
 And dispense you of your obedience to her;
 I'll make the power of her Art unusefull;
 And free this Island from all future fear,
 And danger; but to save her from the Thunder
 Of the offended Gods, I will receive her
 Into my Temple, which shall be her Sanctuary.
 Her Sex hath long enough ruled the Province,
 I'll change the order of its Government,
 And henceforth it shall be under the power,
 And wise administration of a Prince,
 Which shall be of the blood of *Clidamant*
 From father unto son.

Melissa seeing the Goddess to ascend.

MELISSA.

I confesse Goddess;
 You do me justice in approving crime
 One makes himself a complice: without you,
 The Gods, high Sovereigns, Masters, and dispo-
 sers
 Of destiny, would, sure, have punish'd me
 With death; I go into your Temple now
 To imploy other charms, to wash away
 My criminal defilements with my tears
 To pray unto the immortal powers, whilst I
 Have breath, and so disarm them at your Altars:
 But to the end her law may be fullfill'd
 In every point, *Cleagor*, fail not
 To love your *Celia*.

THERSANDER.

O how redevable
 Am I to your rare goodness?

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Clidamant,

Enjoy what you deserve, accept *Parthenia*,
 With her, the crown, and succeed happily
 The rank which I freely resign unto you.

CLIDAMANT.

You command still, and keep your Sovereign
 rank,

When the raig is conferr'd upon your blood;
 And by all my respects, I shall express
 That 'tis but in your name that I'll be Master.

PARTHENIA.

Though Heavens, kind hand chuseth a husband
 for me,

Since you allow him, I'll hold him of you,
 And will possess no honour here, nor power,
 But to express the more my service to you,
 And my acknowledgements.

THIMANTES.

Ismenia,

Must we not couple too?

ISMENIA.

Yes, if the Goddess
 Had said it; we'll defer our marriage,
 Till she descends again.

CLIDAMANT.

Ismenia,

I command in this place now, and J will it.

ISMENIA.

Since you will have it, I accept his vows
 Offaithfull service. If *Melintus* too
 Hath shaken of his jealousy, J must
 Be reconcil'd with him..

Mr-

MELINTUS.

Well, I agree to 't,
Let us remain friends.

CLIDAMANT.

Heaven hath promis'd us
That we shall all be happy, let us go
Forthwith unto the Temple to conclude
This triple marriage, and henceforth we shall
Honour this day as a great Festival.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 180 5. for Scene I, read Scena I. page ibid. line 180 5.
for you, read your. p. 48. l. 20. for bare, r. share. p. 69.
l. 5. for my, r. thy. p. 74. l. 20. for lov'd, r. belov'd. p. 99. l.
4. write in the margin Clidamant. p. 102. l. 25. for name,
r. flame. p. 96. l. 8. for exaltation, r. exhalation. p. 97. l. 2.
for he, r. she.

beg.
69.
9.1.
am,
1.2.